Exhibit 19

From: Mark I. Anderson <Mark.I.Anderson.18@dartmouth.edu>
Sent: Wednesday, October 04, 2017 3:53 PM EDT
To: Anne B. Hudak <Anne.B.Hudak@dartmouth.edu>
CC: Katharine R. Strong <Katharine.R.Strong@dartmouth.edu>
Subject: Re: Suggestion Request
Attachment(s): "Appeal.pdf","Appeal.docx"

Thank you Anne & hello Katharine,

Attached is my letter containing my appeal of the decision from my recent Judicial Affairs hearing. There are both a PDF and Word document containing the same letter attached, but I would recommend using the copy in word so that you can more easily adjust the size of the photos inside it when you look at them.

Also, I do not expect such, but please let me know if you happen to hear any information regarding when I might expect to hear the result by.

Best regards,
Mark Anderson

From: Anne B. Hudak
Sent: Tuesday, October 3, 2017 12:49:53 PM
To: Mark I. Anderson
Cc: Katharine R. Strong
Subject: RE: Suggestion Request

Hi Mark ,

You will want to email the appeal to Judicial Affairs. If easiest, you can submit it directly to Katharine Strong. I have cc'd her on this email to make it easy for you.

Best,

Anne

From: Mark I. Anderson
Sent: Tuesday, October 03, 2017 2:11 PM
To: Anne B. Hudak <Anne.B.Hudak@dartmouth.edu>
Subject: Re: Suggestion Request

Hi Anne,

Ok, thank you. How should I submit the letter tomorrow?

Best,
Mark

To whomever this makes its way to,

I'm staying on a couch in my friend's room at an off-campus house right now, and as soon as I submit this appeal, the next step for me will be to determine what excuse I need to make up and tell everyone I know here so explain why I mysteriously haven't been seen for the past few weeks, and why I'm going to be gone for however long I am. Since the time I was informed of the committee's decision, through now, and until the time I learn what will become of me, or how long I'll be gone after this with absolute certainty, I'm just going to be stuck in this room rotting away because I'm too scared to go outside, run into someone I know, and then become forced to make-up a story to explain my irregular absence from classes and my extracurricular commitments these past few weeks, and that I might have to contradict later on when I've come to know how much time away from school I'll have to rationalize being gone for in whatever lie I invent and tell everyone to explain my time away if I'm every allowed back at this place. I don't think the school will let me meet with anyone to try and figure out plans for how I might graduate on time or minimize my student debt burden if I am every allowed back at this school, but that's honestly the first things I'll have to start doing after I submit this in a few minutes. My dean, Anne Hudak, warned me that it can take up to a few weeks before a decision is reached on an appeal because the Deans of the College often have very busy, unpredictable schedules that usually prevent them from reviewing appeals until a short while after they've been received. I totally understand this, and urge you to wait until you have the time and energy to read through this and remember, and understand it. In case you might be in a position where you have the freedom to elect when you'll look through this once you've received it, that you might be able to provide me an incredible amount of utility electing to look through this at one of the earlier times it'd be possible and convenient for you to do so.

To preface this, I want to apologize for the variety of careless grammatical errors, incomplete sections, and incoherent statements that I'm sure are scattered throughout this letter. Despite my best efforts, I was not able to find a lawyer whose minimum retainer my parents could afford to look at this or help me in any way, and although my school advisor (who helped me with the Judicial Affairs process and met with me several times the week after I was expelled to help me understand how to write this appeal) said she would skim through it for me, she wouldn't mark-up mistakes she saw while going through. I do not have anyone else in my life that I could bring this to right now and seek help with that cares enough about me that they might want to, but are also capable of providing meaningful help and assistance, and have the time available in their own busy lives right now to help me with such a severe and difficult-to-handle situation as this one. Now that the deadline I must submit this letter by has nearly arrived, I've only been able to finish writing everything I've said here by the day of the deadline (I'm writing this having just finished now), so I have not had an opportunity to review any of it aside from the very first section, so you'll be the first person to have read all of it since I typed it, even taking myself into account. If there is anything you come across I might be able to clarify, feel free to call me or reach out to set up a time I could come meet you and answer any questions you might have in person.

***

Please read this, I know it's long, but this is everything you need to understand this case. You are the only person in the world that can save me now, and this is the only tool I have to communicate exactly what is happening to me; the only thing I can do is express it to the best of my capabilities here and pray you read it and try to understand. It might not be totally clear why I go into such detail at some points of this letter until I bring up whatever I was talking about again later on, but I promise you it's all necessary, and that every memory I can access about the events I was expelled for are described here. Overall, this letter contains:

- **An explanation of the procedural error that occurred in this trial.**
- **The information I would have provided to the committee if all the allegations I'd been put on trial for were adequately described to me.**
- **The information I did provide during the COS hearing.**
- **Line-by-line response to the judicial affairs committee's finding report**
- **Copy of my opening statement from the hearing**

I don't know what punishment I deserve here – maybe this is it. What I do know with incredible certainty is that the school didn't put in the care or effort to conduct this Judicial Affairs trial in such a way that they could be informed enough to know either.

Ø THE PROCEDURAL ERROR THAT OCCURRED IN THIS CASE

The Student Handbook reads:

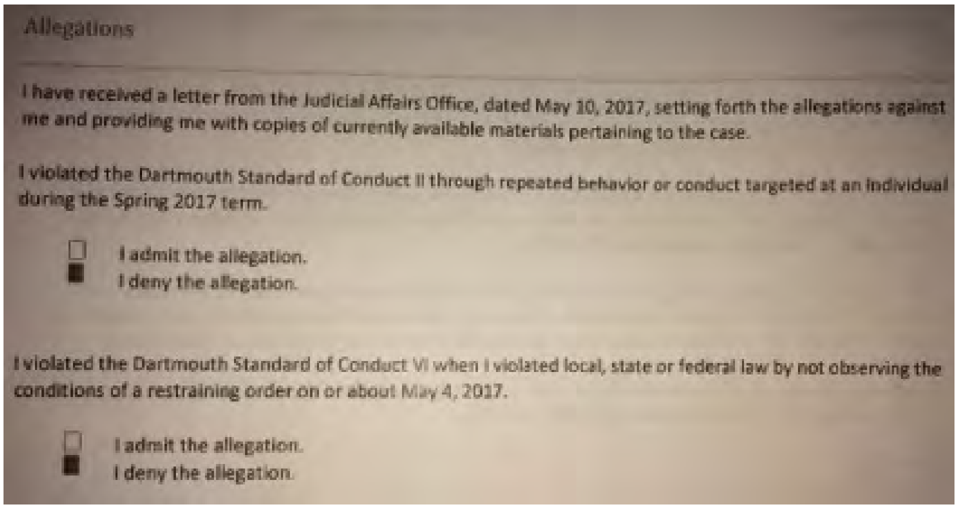
> *"Students are entitled to* ***reasonable written notice of the substance of the allegation(s) against them****. Students are also entitled to a reasonable period of time in which to prepare for a hearing. A reasonable period of time is, at a minimum, as five calendar days from the date of delivery of the allegation letter. Hearings will be scheduled as soon as possible after an incident. A student who needs additional time to prepare for a hearing may request, in writing, an extension of time from the Chair. A student's D-plan or the availability of an advisor are not normally grounds for postponing a hearing."*

Since the phrase "reasonable written notice" isn't defined or further explained in the handbook, I am providing my own interpretation that I think any reasonable person would agree makes a great deal of sense here.

"Reasonable notice" entails: a written description of the allegations against the student that would make the substance of these allegations abundantly clear to anyone making a reasonable, intelligently derived interpretation of the text provided to them.

I was not given such ***reasonable*** notice of the substance of my allegations from the school, because my advisors and I were able to come to the conclusion (based on our reasonable interpretation of information the school had provided describing the allegations against me) that the COS committee put me on trial for a specific set of actions I'd committed during the Spring term, which did not encompass the things I'd done during the Winter term while I was home – these are the transgressions the committee focused on in the hearing, and which I was expelled for committing.

Consequently, I didn't get an opportunity to "admit" or "deny" the allegations I was found guilty of, & it wasn't possible for me to know exactly what information it was important for me to provide to the committee. If this error had not occurred and the substance of the allegations against me were communicated with the care and attention to detail that students hope and assume this school will put into things like these, I would have admitted to the allegation of having committed a violation of Standard of Conduct II during the Winter term. Here is a copy of the allegations I was given to respond to:


Allegations

I have received a letter from the Judicial Affairs Office, dated May 10, 2017, setting forth the allegations against me and providing me with copies of currently available materials pertaining to the case.

I violated the Dartmouth Standard of Conduct II through repeated behavior or conduct targeted at an individual during the Spring 2017 term.

☐ I admit the allegation.
■ I deny the allegation.

I violated the Dartmouth Standard of Conduct VI when I violated local, state or federal law by not observing the conditions of a restraining order on or about May 4, 2017.

☐ I admit the allegation.
■ I deny the allegation.

The events that I was expelled for did not occur within the timeframe described in the allegations that the committee had raised against me – the allegations clearly stated that I was being accused of committing a violation of conduct during the spring term. In other words, I was not given an opportunity to “admit” or “deny” the allegations I was found guilty of at the Judicial Affairs hearing by responding to all of the allegations which were presented to me. Here is the other information I was provided describing the allegations against me:

Dartmouth

Office of Judicial Affairs
5 Rope Ferry Road, Room [illegible]
Hanover, New Hampshire 03755

May 10, 2017

Mark I. Anderson '18
Emailed: Mark.I.Anderson.18@dartmouth.edu

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

Dear Mark:

I am writing regarding your possible violation of Dartmouth's Standards of Conduct. Specifically, it is alleged that on or about May 4, 2017 you communicated with parties in violation of a restraining order, which had been issued for previous behavior that was threatening or harassing. This continued contact in violation of the restraining order, if true, would be in violation of Standards II and VI.

I don’t think I can really articulate how seriously this may have affected the outcome of my Judicial Affairs hearing without just asking you to read everything I’ve written here. I’m not saying I did nothing wrong, I’m just begging you to understand that because of how this all went down, I was not provided all of the information students are guaranteed the right to in the student handbook, and which you couldn’t possibly argue a student had been given a fair opportunity to prepare for, or represent themselves in a trial in which they hadn’t been provided an unambiguous written description of beforehand.

I was specifically told to try and share as few details as possible about our relationship as were needed for the committee to understand the specific allegations against me. I took this as further prompting to spare the committee all the details necessary to understand all the events pertaining to what they eventually found me guilty for.

When I had such a hard time answering questions the panel asked about events I’d been told I wasn’t being put on trial for, and I couldn’t recall the things they asked me about for the entire questioning session, because to this day, the only way I’ve been able to ease the pain from the memories of what happened in the end is to try and forget them, I guess they interpreted my confusion and inability to coherently respond as me trying to make up some story that’d rationalize or excuse what I’d done. Please don’t let my life end for this. You’re the only person in the entire world that can save me from a fate so much more painful than losing your house, or job, or even randomly being kicked out of college one random day at the beginning of your senior year in college for no reason at all, which I don’t know any way to really explain to you other than writing you this, and praying that you have the empathy to read it. I was distracted, trying to understand what their questions were implying, and why they were asking so few related to what they were accusing me of, which culminated in me pausing to **express my confusion, and ask why they were focusing almost entirely on events unrelated to what I was on trial for during the middle of my questioning.**

WHAT I DID TO PREPARE FOR THE CASE

I’m describing what I did to prepare for my Judicial Affairs hearing to articulate exactly how this procedural error – me being told, (as Adam told me in the first letter I received about the case) **“specifically, it is alleged that on or about May 4, 2017 you communicated with parties in violation of a restraining order,”** and very specifically that it was **“*this* continued contact in violation of the restraining order [which], if true, would be in violation of Standards II and VI,”** when this description did not actually encompass all of the actions I’d be put on trial for – made it impossible for me to know what information I should’ve provided to the committee in the opening statement of my hearing.

My family cannot afford a lawyer to help me with any of this, so the only people I've had to help me navigate this incredibly opaque and unforgiving judicial affairs system are my public defendant, George Oslter, and my college dean Anne Hudak. George's interpretation of the school's letter describing the allegations which the COS committee had raised against me, was that the accusation I'd violated standard of conduct VI would be the biggest issue for me, since a very strict reading of everything that transpired could cause the school to punish me for a technical violation of the law, even though the court hadn't found me guilty, and that I was quite clearly and provably not doing anything malicious during the period it was alleged that I had been. He told me my main concern should be that the committee might punish me for having technically violated the conditions of a restraining order when I sent the REDACT 's the email which resulted in my arrest, despite that the court accepted my not-guilty plea. This is why I was not immediately available to have the hearing during the spring term – I still needed to undergo the New Hampshire court hearing where they'd determine my culpability for the alleged crimes. Several people at the school I went to for help throughout this process told me that George was very familiar with the school's Judicial Affairs process from his past experience representing students in them, so I had great respect for, and readily accepted his opinion on how things would go, and what I should do to prepare for the COS hearing.

Anne told me to consider things I might do if I was suspended and had to go home, because she said it was always important to "hope for the best, but prepare for the worst," which, at the least, affirms that she would've agreed with my lawyer that total separation from the college was not really something that would be considered here, even if she won't admit it to me now no matter how much I ask her to.

As a result, I wasn't even provided an opportunity to admit or deny the allegations I was eventually expelled for, or know what set of information I needed to provide so they'd understand all the circumstances surrounding my actions which'd come into question. Once you've read this entire thing, it'll be a lot easier to understand why this was especially misleading in the case of my Judicial Affairs trial.

I have provided photos of the opening statement I read to the Judicial Affairs committee at the end of this letter.

***

Although this information was available to me during the time of the hearing, and is absolutely necessary to make sense of the events I was expelled for, because of the procedural error that occurred, I was specifically mislead to believe it was not necessary to understand anything I was being accused of at the hearing, and that I should make an active effort to omit as much of it and "any other irrelevant information about our relationship that wouldn't contribute to the committee's understanding of the events surrounding the actions I was being accused of" (the man leading the hearing said something along those lines to me at the very start of the trial, at which point I decided they'd probably look more kindly upon me if I respected their time by listening to what he'd said, and decided to skip over a number of segments in the 6-page opening statement I'd written). This judicial affairs system is so beyond my understanding, and I have no idea what punishment I might really deserve for this; maybe this is it, and I'm just so fucked up I can't even see what's wrong with myself. I just urge you to understand that institutions like judicial affairs serve obvious, important purposes in places like our school and society, but even the individuals who create and manage them would profess there aren't instances where they occasionally come to invalid conclusions, and inadvertently cause more needless harm to people who don't fully deserve it than any other entity in the world might be capable of, or serve as a set of tools that some people will be able to utilize to defend the very same injustices these institutions are made to quell; a society wouldn't survive without means of holding people accountable for causing other people harm, but no one would argue its possible for the institutions that serve this purpose to do so without dealing some punishments to wrongdoers which are too harsh or undeserved. Please, please understand that because of the circumstances I've described, there is no doubt the chance that this happened to me is too large for you to not at least make certain it isn't before you affirm I'm the psychopath they could only protect society from by taking his life away from him. You know so much better than I do what punishment I deserve. The only thing in the world I regret more than having been weak enough to have perpetrate the actions I committed during the Winter term, is not being able to go back and do the trial again, just having any idea what I was being accused of, or what information I needed to provide. That way, I could at least know this is wasn't a mistake, but a necessary measure and precaution that simply has to be made against people like me to protect others. To write this description of what happen during, and leading up to the events I was expelled for, I truthfully had to reach deeper into myself and try harder to understand my own mind, emotions, and what unconsciously motivates my actions and behavior than I ever have in my entire life, so that I'd be able to express them to you as clearly as possible. I guess there's never been another time in my life where that was my only choice, and this was the only thing that could possibly make me go back to dwell on all these memories I've tried so hard to forget. Once you've read this letter, I honestly think you'll be able to make better sense of it all better than I even can now. I couldn't tell you what I deserve, but I do think that if you really read all of this, I'll at least be able to know your judgement is correct.

ø THE INFORMATION I WOULD HAVE PROVIDED TO THE COMMITTEE IF ALL THE ALLEGATIONS I'D BEEN PUT ON TRIAL FOR WERE ADEQUATELY DESCRIBED TO ME.

REDA and I met each other during our sophomore year in high school. I guess must've been a lot more popular back then because we always talked about how we'd thought the other was super cool for a long time before we'd met. After we first became friends after meeting in pre-calculus class, we both started making as many excuses as we could to hang out with each other. We started dating a few months later, and after that, spent every last day of high school together, as well as every break from college/university either of us had. Literally every single one. In our sophomore year of college, her parents wanted to go on a vacation to Hawaii that I couldn't afford, and so she refused to go and came to stay with me in my dorm room and watch me study instead, because like she would always say to me when we loved each other "nothing was as fun as time spent with her Marky."

We were best friends, and closer with each other than we'd been with anyone else in the entire world until the very last day of the relationship. She knew and understood me better than anyone else has in my entire life, and cared about and related to me in such a special way; until the last day we were together, she'd always say she felt the same about me.

REDA was my first kiss, relationship, and the closest friend I've ever had. I was as close to her parents as I was to my own for a while, and spent countless times more waking hours at her house than I have at my own since we started dating in our junior year of high school. We were inseparable, and everyone that knew us would say they'd never seen two people with such an incredible relationship before. Almost every one of the best memories I have in life are from time we spent together, and now every one of them fills me with the deepest crushing sadness I'd ever felt before I was removed from the college and lost everything that matters to me in life, and the ability to do the things I loved, and that make me who I am.

After we'd dated for two years by the end of senior year in high school, we had to decide what should become of our relationship as we went to college. We loved each other so dearly, both said we felt our love for one another could never die away. She begged me to keep going, and I told her I wanted to, but that I couldn't ignore the objective reality we'd probably be making a terrible mistake if we did keep going. This was my perspective: 95% of high schoolers who take their relationships long distance once they go to college end up breaking up before they graduate, and resenting they didn't just end it earlier and have stayed friends, and not lose out on the best opportunity to meet new people they'll ever get in their entire lives. Students who pursue long-distance relationships generally know this, but think that their love is special, and consequently, that they'll be the exception to this statistic. Even if we felt otherwise, we didn't really have reason to believe we wouldn't be making the same mistake.

She saw someone in the first few weeks of freshman year during the fall term while we were open, and called me the next day crying, saying she couldn't enjoy being with other people and needed to be with me again. I insisted we continue seeing other people for the rest of the term to get a better feeling for how we both felt, but she refused while I continued. By the end of the term though, I started to really agree with her that we would probably never find other people we were so compatible with, and that we were so good together that we probably were the exception to that daunting statistic. And so we started dating long distance after the end of fall term.

From this point until when we broke up, our relationship seemed to be as great as it had always been. Our only priorities we had while deciding where we'd work after graduation, or during internships, or what we'd do during our vacation times off from school was that we would be with one another. She always liked to make plans for when we would get married, and insisted I spend most of my vacation time away from home visiting her family on the East Coast.

This is so hard to admit to myself that I can barely write it here, but during the Winter of our freshman year (the first term where we did long distance) she got me to promise her I'd stop being friends with girls at school, because she said that even though she trusted me, she'd feel very insecure knowing I was hanging out with them.

She'd struggled with severe body image related problems since she was in middle school, and while I wasn't ever able to fully understand them, I always did everything I could to help her with them. Throughout the relationship, I always thought she was so beautiful, and told her that every day. This helped her a lot in the first few years we were together, but eventually, her condition started to become more severe, yet different than it had been before. She would send me photos of her abs in the mirror every single day, multiple times a day, and legitimately start to feel insecure or hurt if I ever forgot to reply with a message telling her how impressed I was, or how hot she looked. Her weight would also fluctuate dramatically between months, never become so thin she seemed unhealthy, but losing weight incredibly fast at times, and then subsequently gaining it back over longer periods of time and starting to lose confidence in herself each time it happened. This went on for a very long time until I eventually told her I thought she might benefit from help, and should go see someone about it. She always agreed it was a good idea, and even let me help her set up an appointment for it once or twice, but she never actually saw anyone until right after we broke up. I guess maybe in the end, she probably realized I'd just become an object she'd come to rely on to cope with those insecurities, and that feeling of security I'd always provide her so reliably was the happiness she mistook for love.

Anyways, I agreed, and stopped bring friends with girls at school – for her, because her happiness mattered so much to me, and with how overly committed she was to the relationship until the last day, I was stupid enough to believe in that with such confidence I'd agree to what she'd ask. To this day, there isn't a single girl at Dartmouth I could call my friend. She on the other hand, was primarily friends with guys at school. She'd always been like that since high school, but I always thought it was because she was just a little bit of a tom boy, and I'm generally a very unjealous person and couldn't imagine asking something as ludicrous of her as distancing herself from her new closest friends. Their names were REDACTED, and I came to know all but the last of them very well while REDA and I were dating, because one of the things she'd constantly remind me was important to her was that I become close with the people who were close to her. REDA's parents are Dartmouth alumni, and they have a skiing cabin just off campus which they'd come up from Boston to visit all the time while they were in school. I vividly remember how easily she was able to convince me to agree, but can't understand how I could put myself in a situation that would made me so much more used when it ended.

Ø The Breakup & Events Preceding

I spent my Thanksgiving break seeing her family all around the East Coast; she'd always pressure me to come with her to when she was visiting them, saying it was super important to her that I meet them. If I said I didn't want to go on any particular trip, she'd guilt me into it by saying she couldn't believe I didn't want to go and meet her family given how important they were to her, and that I was implying I didn't like them if I was ever reluctant to make trips to the same people year after year, despite that she never wanted to come the few times I asked her to come and meet mine. When she was studying abroad in Denmark after that, she said she couldn't bear being apart from me for so long. While this always seemed like it'd be an extraordinary experience from when she first brought it up, I soon came to realize it would cost far too much for my family to afford, and told her it'd probably be better to wait a few years until after we'd graduated and I a job and income, and would be capable of doing so without putting financial stress on anyone. We'd always talked about how fun it'd be to study abroad in the same place at some point while we were in school. She'd done a ton of work to find the best Dartmouth and RE programs that took place at the same location and time. I'd come to believe it was relatively easy to get into study abroad programs here based on what I'd read and heard from other students, but ended up getting rejected from my program after she'd already been accepted and confirmed she'd be attending hers. I was already self-loathing when I got the news because I was already going through an unprecedented and unmanageable situation in one of my classes at the time that was driving me mad, and I hated myself even more after I was rejected from the program.

She kept insisting, until finally we told me she wanted to have a "serious talk" during the summer before she left. In the talk, she told me she couldn't deal with being away from me for 6 months while she was going to be abroad in the fall/winter, and basically cried saying she couldn't do it until I eventually conceded and "pinky swore" to her I'd figure out some way to make it happen – I shouldn't have, but I just felt responsible for the situation for not getting into my program, and like I owed it to her to do whatever I could to make the situation better. I know that sounds stupid, but throughout our relationship, it was the little secret ritual we used to promise one another we'd unconditionally stay true to whatever promise we'd made them. We probably made hundreds of these with each other, but in the end I guess the only one that wasn't kept was the one she made us do the most – that we'd always be best friends for our whole lives no matter what. I think they were sort of a testament to how much we trusted one another; it could be something as simple as bringing the other person a meal at the library, or asking them to convince their friends to come to the first meeting of a club you'd just started, but we never went back on one when we were together. She always told me how much she loved it.

She comes from an incredibly wealthy, well decorated family (she cried to me for months when she "only" got into [redacted], for the reason that every other member of her immediate, and at least 80% of her 35+ large extended family went to Ivy League schools), while neither of my parents attended college or have ever really been able to provide me for financially since we lost everything in 2008, since when my parents have been living paycheck-to-paycheck and I've done everything in my power to minimize the financial burden I pose to them and help stop the incredible suffering I've watched them experience from not knowing if they'd be able to make our rent or car payments for months at a time. [redacted] and I were always so considerate to one another about things like these though; I feel like she always understood, and would never asked twice when I asked if we could try a cheaper restaurant, or pick the cheaper flight as we traveled between Seattle and Boston with each other for school, and I did all I could to minimize the number of things she had to miss out on for dating someone so much poorer than her, and buy her gifts the size of the ones she bought me. While we were together in school, I used more of my spare money on her than I did on myself. Other than my laptop computer, the two most expensive purchases I've made in my entire life were presents I got for her. I still wear most of the clothes she gave me as gifts because they're most of the nicest I own, even though I have to think of her every time I look at them as I put them on to wear or see them in my dresser.

And so going back to the commitment I'd made to see her in Denmark, this was the biggest instance of me going beyond my means to try and do this for her, and I wasn't even really sure how I was going to get together the money for it yet, especially since my parents had been especially tight on money in the months leading up to this. By total coincidence, I was given a much larger refund check than normal in the fall term – roughly $5,000 dollars, while checks I'd received in the past ranged from $600-1,500. I assumed this was because my parents' income had fallen substantially below what it was the previous year (my dad is a real estate agent, so his income fluctuates dramatically between years). Thus, I used the money to cover all of my expenses for the next 5 months, pay for the Denmark trip, and also do something really special for [redacted] to celebrate her birthday which was occurring during the trip, as well as our recent 4-year anniversary. And so I went ahead and did just this.

We'd started talking on the phone for at least 20 minutes every day starting in the fall of last term when she went abroad. [redacted]s the type of person who needs a lot of emotional support from whoever she's in a relationship with compared to most people, and I'm just the opposite, which I only say now with such confidence because we'd always freely talk about and acknowledge it. This had been something she'd always wanted us to do since we'd started school, but that I had a really hard time to find the time and energy to do every day with all the other social, work, and academic obligations I had while at Dartmouth. Before she went abroad, she also got me to pinky swear I'd make time to talk with her on the phone every day it was possible, and we did from that point on.

When I arrived in Denmark, I noticed a few things had changed about her. Neither of us enjoyed drinking much before, but now she'd get blacked out a couple times a week, and seemed disappointed when I couldn't keep up. A few other things changed that were impossible for me not to notice after having known her for so long, but also too subtly for me to bring up, like she seemed less excited to show me her friends and hear about what I was doing, even though she described her feeling about the relationship in the same way she always had – she loved me more than anyone in the world and could never imagine being with someone else.

When I went back home during the winter, I started to have some pretty severe emotional issues of my own. After having gotten through to final round interviews at Bridgewater, Goldman Sachs, and Deutche Bank, which were the companies I wanted to work at most at the time, and a few others I would've been incredibly excited to get at companies like Amazon, HPE, and UBS, but not gotten any of them, or any of the other 200+ internships I applied for despite having many interviews. I'd been desperately trying to get any possible experience in the financial services industry since my freshman year, but had almost certainly failed to for the 3rd by this point, while there were already more kids that'd have three years of internship experience in the industry than firm's would even want to hire. I just felt really depressed and like I'd fallen too far off the track necessary to get any of the jobs I'd dreamed of. I don't know what makes me this way now that I think about it, but this type of failure has always haunted me in life more than anything.

We live in a pretty small 4-person apartment with 5 people in it, and don't have any desks for me to sit and do work at, so I usually walk a couple miles to Starbucks in the morning and spend a good part of my day there. It's a small community, and there's almost always someone from my high school class working there, so it's impossible for me to go there without running into a few friends from the past. I used to love catching up with people like this, but over the winter, I started to think of the interactions as nothing more than an instance where I'd inevitably have to explain that I was at home, doing nothing over break. It's not that I was embarrassed they'd now know about how I'd failed, just that the interactions would force me to confront my circumstances in my own mind, when my feeling of powerlessness to change them made it so the only thing I could do to cope with it all was try and somehow forget it all. No matter what I did – read the news, browse the internet, or participate in any of the career development or academic programs I'd done to prepare myself for the workforce in the past 3 years. Now all the market and industry reports I'd begun reading to prepare myself for interviews, and to be a good employee at first, but had grown genuinely interested and intrigued by over the years as it became part of my daily morning routine, I'd be overcome with the thought I was just accumulating knowledge that I'd only be able to use if I got a job that wasn't attainable for me anymore. When I participated in any of the leisurely activities that used to help me relax at the end of the day, like watching movies or playing video games, I'd instantly be overcome with hate for myself for being weak enough to waste any time I could be using to maybe save myself from the situation somehow. And so I'd just sit there scrunched up on a wooden stool and a makeshift desk I made out of a shelf in my room, unable to do anything recreational without starting to hate myself moments in being stupid enough to waste anymore time when I was already so far behind where I needed to be, but unable to do anything productive without being overcome by the feeling I'd already invested so much of myself and tried my hardest to achieve something, I needed to come to terms and let it go so that when my unrealistic dream became an impossible one.

This was the first time in the 4½ years or so we'd been dating at this point that I'd had an emotional problem I needed support from her with. I didn't need much – just someone who I felt like was still rooting for and believed in me – I guess because I probably needed someone in the world that actually understood what I was going through, but who'd told me they loved me unconditionally for so many years, and that I could actually believe had a reason to care other than that they had to, to help me believe that after having gone through so many trials and told I didn't have the right qualities in each one, there might be some place out there that'd come to believe I was qualified for any of the jobs that I dreamed of.

During break I'd go on walks in the woods behind my house around 8:00 every night and call her according to our promise. Up until the last week or so days we were together, she was always so excited for these calls where we'd share what we'd been up to that day like we always had, and where she'd comfort me about the problems I was going through. In the last week, she told me that she loved comforting me, but that my happiness mattered so much to her that she was becoming sad whenever we spoke because of how sad she could see I was. I said I thought it was kind of callous for her to ask me to stop being so sad because it was bumming her out, and how mad she'd have gotten if I'd ever said something like that to her in a similar situation. She agreed, and what she said hurt me, but I tried my best to hide all my pain when we spoke after that (we usually FaceTime'd).

The weekend before she broke up with me, [redacted] went on a trip with her friends [redacted] to Montreal. Her friendship with [redacted] had been a little bit of an uncomfortable situation in our relationship for a while by that point. Ever since the first time I'd met him, she'd always remark about how awkward and quiet he became if I was around. It couldn't help but notice it too, whenever he'd visibly tense up when I walked in the room, or seem to die a little inside when they'd very occasionally facetime and she'd put me on the camera for a moment to say "hi." She became his closest friend at school one point in sophomore year, until at one point she told me she was really worried [redacted] was in love with her, and I told her it'd always seemed that way to me, though I didn't want to say anything about it because he hadn't done anything that'd give me reason to believe he wasn't just shy around people he isn't super close with, and because I'd have never raised a concern like which would result in her having to marginalize a close friendship of hers, and as a consequence of what I was stupid enough to believe was male paranoia at the time: a feeling I was proud of being able to virtually ignore at the time, because I thought it was part of what made me a such a good partner to her, and our relationship such a healthy one. After she raised the concern though, she said it was pretty fucked up considering she had asked me to preemptively not pursue friendships with any girls so that she wouldn't have to feel paranoid that I might end up in a similar situation to the one she was in, and that she was going to start slowly creating distance from him over the next term until they were hanging out once a week or so, instead of most days as they had been. I said that sounded totally fine, and that ultimately, I always trusted her ability to evaluate her friendships with other guys better than my own, but obviously appreciated her telling me about it. After this, she told me she became less close with [redacted], and seemed to for a while, though I never payed attention to it (she'd just report on it to me without any prompting).

She'd spam me with snapchats and texts throughout the day to tell me about whatever she was up to on trips like these, but now, for the first time ever, I didn't hear anything from her. She didn't reply to any of my phone calls or texts either. I could see she'd read them, and so I assumed something must've gone wrong with her phone or something that made it so she couldn't reply.

That next Monday right after she got back from the trip, REDA messaged me "we need to talk," on Facebook. At this point, she'd never raised a problem about the relationship that was serious, or that we didn't immediately talk through, and had only ever told me she wanted to be together for the rest of our lives. We had a trip to Canada we'd planned extensively to go on – she talked for months about how excited she was to go on the first of so many trips we'd go on to see the world with each other. I remember replying "Lololol ok but just fyi ur making it sound like you're gonna break up with me," and then only while I waited for minutes watching the bubbles on messenger go back up and down over and over again, letting me know she was typing and deleting her response over and over as she tried to figure out what to say, did I realize what was actually happening. When we talked at this point, she told me she wasn't sure she wanted us to be forever anymore, but wouldn't tell me why at first. I couldn't understand how she suddenly felt that way, and kept telling her I had to know why. Eventually, she told me that she didn't find me attractive anymore and secretly hadn't enjoyed the sex in the past 9 months. She said it'd almost become like a chore for her in the end, even though I'd always made sure she didn't feel pressured to be any more sexually active than she really wanted to, just so she could impress me, or make me happy. This was the only reason she ever provided me in the end. I can't remember, and still can't imagine her saying this to this day, but she told me it was because she didn't like my skin anymore, or find me attractive in general anymore, and told me she thought I'd become socially awkward since I got to college – I was a lot more cool in high school, and won homecoming prince and class president a couples times each. I guess she couldn't even be attracted to me once the respect and admiration she had from when I was those things faded away. She said that she still loved hanging out with me until the end, but that the sex was just a chore she pretended through to keep me happy, and hide that deep down inside, she felt the opposite of how she'd insisted she had to me every day we'd been together. Her favorite "pinky swear" was the "forever" promise and she made me do it so often. She'd ask me, "forever?" and hold her hand out, and then I'd lock my finger with hers and reply "forever." She would always break the biggest smile after that, and then jump up and grab on my shoulders. I'd pick her up and we'd just hug each other after that. It used to be such a sweet memory.

Just about 9 months or so before that, I'd gotten her a dildo as a present – she'd wanted one for a while, but was too embarrassed to actually go out and purchase one herself, and so asked me to do it for her as a gift, which is was more than happy to. She said she loved it and (though never with, or in front of me) told me she used it every day. We were always very sexually active and into each other before then, but she gradually became less and less interested in generally having sex after she got the dildo. I asked her if anything was the matter, and if she was still enjoying the sex as much as she had before; every time she'd reply that she thought I was as attractive as she always had, and that she was just naturally losing the desire to bang quite as much as we used to, as anyone would four years into a relationship. I understood this and felt the same, but the only. The difference was big enough where it was impossible for me to ignore, but I'd reassure myself her change in enthusiasm was just a natural consequence of her also having the dildo to provider her pleasure. I remember her saying she'd stop using it so the sex would be "especially good" when I saw her, and me insisting she not, because overall, she'd get more happiness from using it in the meantime than we'd get in combination from her being more excited for the first sexual encounter.

In this first conversation, she just expressed her dissatisfaction with the relationship for the first time, but said she still loved me and wanted to make the relationship work. She listed all the things she wanted to try, like starting to have skype sex sessions with each other while we were apart at school, or her taking her Uncle & Aunt's car to visit me on the weekends while we were in school (she had a lot more free time than me while we were in school). I said I couldn't believe that after so many years of me doing ridiculous things to help her with body issues, she couldn't be aware of how much that would hurt me to hear from her; that she wouldn't have cared enough about my feelings (if this was the real reason) to not wait until she'd already decided she wanted to end it for sure, and then come up with some other fake reason I'd believe, and tell me that instead. After a while, I said I was sort of in shock from all this, so I said we should sleep on it and have a longer, very serious talk about what to make of our relationship the next day, she agreed, and I went to bed.

Early in the morning the next day, I woke up and went out in the woods to talk to her, but right when I arrived at the little hilltop with a view that I always paced around at when we'd chat back in the day, she sent me a facebook message saying she didn't want to make it work or talk about any of the things she'd said the day before, and that she couldn't emotionally deal with talking to me for 6 months or so if I remember correctly, because she'd loved me so much and the breakup was going to be too hard for her to bear already, and that she was sorry for leading me on so hard for the past few years.

The fact that we broke up that day isn't what broke me. It was that the person I cared about most in the world, and who I thought, and had always reassure me she felt the same, didn't actually care enough about me once she'd decided she didn't want me as her partner anymore, to just simply not do this in the most hurtful way imaginable. I kept trying to see things from her perspective so I could make sense of it, but I couldn't imagine any thing or situation that could conceivably make me do these things to my [redacted]. Looking back at things now, I guess she probably just wanted me to think that she felt the same love so I'd keep giving her the affection I'd always provided her up until the end.

Since then, I haven't actually been able to look at my relationships with people the same way. If the person I'd been closest to in my entire life could've been faking her affection for so long, how could I ever believe that another person I'm less close to for the rest of my life really cares about me in the same way I do about them. I still don't really know or understand when or why she stopped thinking I was the cool impressive person that she cared about so deeply at one point, but at the very start, it broke me that she'd agreed with the opinions of every other person or group I'd tried to gain the approval of since I'd started school here. My closest friend at school, who's the closest person to me in the world now that I think about it, and I've never told him that before, even though we both know we're closer with each other than we even are with our own families. He's the person who helped me find a place to stay here so I wouldn't have to write this appeal while dealing with all the anxieties of being home, and the only person that'd lay there and cry with me about this happening to me.

Now, I can remember parts like her hair, chin and ears, but I can't actually remember exactly what her face looks like. I can imagine the faces of all her friends and relatives who I saw once or twice, but for some reason the person whose face I've seen the most times in my life is the only one I can't remember.

She started blocking me on all contacts after that. I couldn't comprehend how she could care so little about exchanging last words, or trying to be friends afterwards, or just telling me what actually happened so I wouldn't just come to hate every part of myself and who I am that made it so I stopped being good enough, or worth caring about as a friend just because she wasn't sure she wanted to be with me forever anymore. I switched between my apps as fast as I could, trying to find ones she hadn't blocked me on yet so I could plead with her to talk to me one more time so that we could end it differently. In response to one of my messages, she told me I should go to her mom if I needed someone to talk to. This hurt me for reasons I'll have to explain.

[redacted]'s mom [redacted] (I only ever called her by her nickname – "[redacted]") is probably not like anyone you've ever met. She went to UPenn and worked some at some prestigious law firm in her earlier years, but her father in law was a super famous doctor with a street, and a whole bunch of other things named after him at UPenn, and they both retired decades ago and have been living off the money he left their father when he died at a young age. They lived very comfortably, spending most of the year on vacation seeing relatives, but, as is common in my hometown (where highly educated stay-at-home moms with Ivy League degrees are the norm), [redacted] became increasingly troubled by her own sense of purposelessness. I remember one time right when we'd graduated from high school, she started telling everyone about how she was going to apply for a job at Trader Joe's because she wanted something to do that'd keep her busy, and then later when it was just us in the kitchen and she conferred with me about how sad and empty she felt, and then helping her and not being able to believe how well it worked. After [redacted] and her Brother had both left for college, this manifested in her effectively becoming [redacted]'s personal servant. She did absolutely everything for her, and [redacted] loved it and would openly talk about how she could simply ask her mom is she wanted literally any task completed that she didn't want to do herself. [redacted] even told [redacted] that if she was ever in a situation where she needed an excuse to rationalize her actions, she could say her mom made her do it, and then pass off the situation for her to handle, and [redacted] would brag to be about how awesome of an out it was to have and used it an incredible amount (more than you could imagine might be possible). So when [redacted] told me to talk with [redacted], I felt this was certainly what must've been going on at the time – that I was just an annoying obligation that she wanted to brush off instead of deal with.

Thinking back now, I still don't know if she couldn't speak to me because what she did immediately before the breakup was so bad she wasn't even capable of speaking to me about it, or because she secretly cared about me so much less than I somehow believed. These sorts of things from the end of the breakup still haunt me every day of my life.

I took the offer to talk to her mom, even though I felt [redacted] had direct me to her for this reason, because after being around the house every time [redacted] and I had hung out there over the years, she'd become the only person I was close enough to really understand how close [redacted] and I really were. After we left for college, RE started to become increasingly neurotic (she used to openly talk about it to me at length, but she suffered from bi-polar disorder, depression, anxiety, ADHD, and took enough psychoactive drugs each day to kill most people several times over) in a bunch of new ways, one of which was to try and control when REDA and I could be together when we were home to make sure they had adequate personal family time, which was especially insane because their family already spent more time together than any I've ever witnessed. The fighting happened between her and REDA while I wasn't there, but when REDA would tell her she was being overbearing and insist I be able to come over or spend the night while we were on break, she'd act super weird and uncomfortable when I was over after that, which eventually resulted in her starting to openly antagonize me from time to time. Things got complicated between RE and I after me and REDA left home for college, in short. Still, in so many ways, she was like a second mother and close friend to me for all those years. We did chores together, and walked their dog Lucy when REDA was feeling too lazy to join, and sent each other funny videos and interesting articles we thought the other would like on facebook.

RE and I got Starbucks and went on a walk in the park where I told her most of what I've described here. She couldn't believe it. I asked her, "with how she ended it, how will I ever be able to forgive her so that we can ever even be friends again," and she told me she didn't know, because, what person could after the way she ended it? And she also said that I needed to promise myself I'd make sure to not ever allow myself to get in a position where someone could take advantage of me again like this in my life. There are so many things about this conversation I still don't know: if RE was just there because REDA had asked her to have the difficult last words of this relationship with me so she could feel a little less bad about not being brave enough to have them with me herself. Another way of putting the dichotomy between these two versions of reality that could be true in my mind, but that there's no way for me to discern between: Babs could have talked to REDA, and learned whatever really happened, and was saying whatever she thought would help resolve the situation easiest, not because she cared about me at all, but because she cared about REDA. She could have also known whatever really happened, in which case my interpretations of what her words implied were probably accurate, especially if what happened is as bad as I can only assume. Regardless, I know without a doubt she would have been there if she didn't have another agenda to pursue back then – I'd forgotten how close we used to be until writing this now, but we really did love each other. We were like family. I remember us crying and hugging each other in the car, both unable to say goodbye until my parents eventually came by where we were parked (I hadn't told them what'd happened yet), and so I jumped out to leave before they'd see what was happening. Before I'd left at some point, RE also said it was too fucked up that REDA could just end it without even giving me a final conversation after all these years, and that she'd tell her to give it to me later that day.

Later that day, we talked on the phone very briefly. There questions I remember asking her at the start were, "are you sure you don't want to try any of the solutions you tried before," "how could you convince me to find the money to make that trip to Denmark and all the things we did during it if you knew you hadn't been sure about the relationship for so long," and "what about the trip to Canada we'd planned to go on in two weeks that you were covering to get me back for stuff we did in Denmark?" She instantly replied admitting how wrong this was, and saying she'd pay me a few specific purchases she didn't really give me an option to not make on her behalf, even though I'd resisted in each case, or only made the purchase after she said that she'd compensate me by covering a short trip to Canada we'd arranged to go on with a mutual friend and her boyfriend from Germany. Originally, these included a dinner where she'd made me pay hundreds more than I'd repeatedly told her we could for weeks leading up to it, and a border fine I incurred while coming back from Denmark and got caught with an alchohol-based marijuana product she'd purchased for her friends at home, put in my bag with a bunch of other things she didn't have room for in her own bag, and so asked me to take back for her in my own.

* * *

This dispute over money is ultimately what caused this situation to proliferate, and what motivated me to write the emails that I was expelled for, and so I am going to go into all the details of the situation to try and make sure you'll at least be able to really understand everything.

When she called me on the Monday after she'd gone on her trip to Canada with REDACTED and expressed dissatisfaction with our relationship for the first time, I asked her how she could've told me otherwise for so long if she really knew that she'd felt that way. I told her how used I felt after she'd gotten me to spend a ludicrous and unprecedented amount of money on her in the past 9 months if she'd really felt the way she'd described, and she responded something along the lines of: "you're right, I can't believe how fucked up of me that was, and I'll at least pay you for the expensive dinner and border fine you paid for in Denmark." This is what the $800 dollar debt that I kept insisting she had to repay me for, or at least explain why she didn't think it'd be appropriate for her to pay me anymore. The dinner was at a Michelin Star restaurant – we are both really into food, and I figured it'd be a really sweet and precious memory we'd enjoy from while we were young for the rest of our lives, so I found one that'd be ~$300 for both of us to go to eat at while we were there to celebrate our anniversary/her birthday. The wine menu was incredibly expensive, (~$200) and she was really into drinking at this point, so I told her we should go get drinks at a bar beforehand so we'd wouldn't have to pay for the ones on the menu. We did this, but after we got to the restaurant, she started saying she really wanted it, and talking about how much it increases the quality of the meal and places like that, and I thought it'd be better to just do whatever to make the experience perfect since I was already spending a couple weeks of spending money on this anyways, and that it might not be worth it to be stingy here if it might ruin or diminish the memories we'd have of what I'd already spent on, etc.

The border fine I'm describing is one I had to pay when I came back from Copenhagen and was randomly searched at border customs. They found two shot bottles of marijuana-infused alcohol in a bag inside my luggage that [redacted] had filled with things she wanted me to take back for her because she didn't have space inside of her own luggage to take them back. Thankfully, this merely resulted in me having to pay a $500 border fine. Although she was entirely responsible for me incurring this fee, she had been spending far beyond her allowance while abroad and was already strapped for cash, and paid for half of it to help relieve the burden she'd brought upon me without making her own situation more dire. If you look at the email to my parents [redacted] included in the police report (presumably just to taunt me since it doesn't contribute to the narrative that I posed a threat) you'll see they never even paid me back this amount.

In advance of all this though, [redacted] had generally been asking me to do a lot of things I'd told her were very hard for me to find the time and money for over the last year or so before our relationship ended. She'd convince me to do these things by saying it was too hard for her to be away from me so much, or because it'd be worth the time and money to see her relatives in the long-run if I was really as committed to the relationship as she was, so when she revealed that she'd actually been lying about how she really felt for all that time, my first initial reaction was to think that she'd been hiding her feelings (wittingly or unwittingly) so that she'd be able to milk me as hard as she could until she eventually came by a good opportunity to leave me. One way or another, it felt like she'd manipulated me, and her immediate and vehement promise she'd pay me for the two things when I'd just started to express this suspicion as it arose in my mind during our phone call, and refusal to just give me another explanation to believe in so these things would hurt a little less, or repay me the amount she'd promised me she would without me asking, made it seem like she certainly felt that way as well, so that was the only explanation I could believe for what'd been going on in our relationship for the past year after then.

The two things she said she'd pay for made up the original sum of $700 or $800 (I think she'd just promised to pay me for the items, but hadn't agreed upon a valuation, and these were estimates of what it'd come out to). I remember this changing at one point because of a situation that came up regarding our flights back east for school in the spring. Whenever we went back to school, I'd always go down to [redacted] and hang out with her and a bunch of friends I know there from high school (one of my best buds form high school is in a frat there I'd stay at a lot, and that made me an "honorary pledge" with a pledge name and all). Thus, we'd bought tickets in advance to fly back together a few days before housing became open here at Dartmouth in anticipation I'd be staying in Boston. When this no longer became the case, and it was clear I'd have to go later since I didn't have a place to stay, I asked her if we could work it out as soon as possible to see if I could get my flight changed for free. She told me that she'd have her mom handle it, and after we'd stopped communicating for a while, revealed that she'd changed her own flight instead of my own, despite me having been so deliberately clear that this was, unfortunately something we'd have to exchange a few pieces of information and quickly resolve now that we'd broken up. This resulted in my parents having to pay the cost of changing my flight – $150 – while [redacted] was able to get her own needlessly changed (she'd chosen when we were leaving at her own convenience), and so I tried to get them to pay for this briefly, but guess I must have dropped it or something. This all happened so long ago, and over so many countless days and events that I've just been trying to forget, that its not really possible for me to reproduce every exactly detail surrounding what happened for you. But these are all the ones that I can.

Later on, she would go on to tell me that she wasn't going to give me this money anymore, but refused to provide me a reason why. My assumption was that, because she had already spent more than she was supposed to over the previous months (her parents were planning to have a "serious talk" about how she'd been spending when she got back home), and so she just decided it'd be easier to rationalize some reason why she didn't, or shouldn't have to anymore (especially since the only ramification of acting immorally here would be hurting me, and she could do so without consequence once it started to seem like we probably wouldn't ever see each other again) rather than just pay me for a small fraction of the things she'd convinced me to buy for her against my own will and reason. The reason I demanded an explanation in lieu of the payment she'd promised me, was because in the case she decided not to give it to me, I couldn't accept that she wouldn't even acknowledge what she was doing was amoral. I knew it was well within her right not to, and that its atypical for someone to compensate their former significant other at the end of a relationship for expenditures of this type but I also knew that if she hadn't simultaneously been lying to me about how she really felt about the relationship, and also incessantly demanding I pay for so many things I kept telling her were beyond my means, there's no way she, or anyone else in the world could've gotten me to spend the amounts she'd asked me to on her. When she expressed she also agreed this was the case, that she'd manipulated me, and that it'd (at the very least) be fucked up of her to not at least compensate me for the costs she was most directly responsible for that I'd incurred over the past few months, it made it impossible for me to believe that deep down inside, she might not know how fucked up it was for her to swing on this without explanation.

Related to this is a complicated financial situation that was brought to my attention sometime in the mid-late spring. I noticed that I had been billed for winter-term housing and food, despite not having been there, also having done all that was necessary to inform them I'd be off that term, and having evidence of this, so I reached out to the financial aid office to ask what was up. At this point they notified me that they'd remove the bill for the meal plan, but that if I wanted them to undo the charge they were entire responsible for, I would have to talk with people in my own fraternity, explain the situation, and get them to return the housing stipend which the school had paid them out of my billing account. They also did not explain how I should go about doing so, which resulted in the problem going unresolved even after I did what they'd asked me to and started an email chain with the billing office and my frat's treasurer. Additionally, at this time, they let me know that the billing office had not used my scholarship funds to cover my housing costs during the fall term of 2016, but instead, had given added it to a cash balance the school gives me at the start of each term to cover personal expenses. I think the lady I spoke with is named Christen O'Connor, but at this point she also revealed the accounting error had resulted in me having uncovered housing fees from that term, and that they had, and would continue to be charging me an interest rate you might pay on credit card debt on the balance until I paid it off. So essentially, I was told in the spring after I raised mistake billing had made to their attention, that the money I'd used to pay for virtually everything I'd done between the start of the fall term and the end of winter break (almost entirely things I'd spent money on while doing with REDA) and had been told was a debit balance I could spend on things like clothes, dorm supplies, and personal expenses, was actually a high interest loan I'd taken out and not been told I'd have to pay back until long, long after when it was impossible for me to do so. Throughout our conversations, the people in the billing department have been painfully unwilling to consider that this would be tantamount to your bank depositing more in your bank account after your employer directly deposited your paycheck. If additional amount they deposited wasn't large enough for you to think there was probably a rational reason for you to receive whatever amount you had, how would this not just be sneaking a high interest loan on top of the cash going into your account, and then not showing the amount owed on your credit account until 6-months later when interest equivalent to 20% of the principal had already accrued?

Anyways, this term I received a check-in hold and was told I won't be able to attend classes unless I took out a student loan to pay off the amount I owed before the check-in deadline. They also finally got to actually removing the fees they'd totally incorrectly billed to my account for winter housing and food just at the start of this term, but also had the audacity to deny any culpability in creating an undesirable situation for me as a result of accounting errors the department had made because allegedly, the department does not make mistakes. Anyways, dealing with this intensely frustrating issue that I've been vehemently blamed for singlehandedly causing, and remembering what I spent most of the money on each time and why, hasn't made what happened in that last year of our relationship any easier to forget.

***

After that, I started to ask her why she really ended it. There were so many unanswered questions, it was hard to help but think. I told her that no matter how much she thought it would hurt me to hear the full truth, it'd still be so much easier for me than the alternative – thinking every part of me I had any reason to think might not be enough really wasn't and that this was the reason she ultimately lost her admiration for me as a person. She'd only give me the answer about sex, so I started to ask if she'd cheated on me. I asked if she knew what her unresponsiveness throughout the weekend, in combination with her reasoning for breaking up with me implies she was up to with her friend over the weekend. When I asked her the last question, she totally lost her composure, and couldn't muster a response. After a few seconds of mumbled crying, and a delayed utterance of the word "no." I kept screaming "How?" and she just kept crying more and more. Her silence here was the only other thing she provided that could let me understand what happened. At the end of the call she said "I'm sorry I can't do this Mark" and hung up. It was five minutes long.

[redacted] meant the world to me, and losing her like this would've crushed me regardless of when it happened. But then, it made all the pain of the other insecurities I was dealing with at the time worse. Whenever the thought that I might really be ugly, or stupid, or unemployable, or not cool enough crossed my mind, it became a possible explanation for everything that'd happened which I was powerless to stop myself from dwelling on endlessly.

* * *

Aside from that, everything else from between the time between when we broke up and when she was about to arrive back home for school, so everything here is based on what I can remember as I go back through the emails we exchanged during that time.

Looking back now, I guess I actually didn't reach out to [redacted] or her family at all until after she reached out to me on February 28th, a week after we'd broken up (it seems from the contents of the emails), to apologize for how she'd ended it. None of this happened during the time period which I was accused of violating Dartmouth's community standards of conduct during, but all of it is necessary to truly understand and make sense of what happened during the perpetrated the activity I was expelled for a few days ago, so I hadn't gone back and looked through these emails until now. Truthfully, it's because the memories of all this, especially after what happened during the Spring term, are too incredible to bear. I guess the only way I could stop them from seeping into my every waking thought was to try and forget as many of the little unanswered questions she never gave me a chance to ask, and try to rationalize how the little bits I do feel like I know enough to understand can really be pieced together to explain the little blank spaces in-between them that I'll never be able to make sense of.

Since before we met one another, [redacted] had a reputation for very unexpectedly doing things were are cruel or unfair to the people she was closest to, and then rationalizing her behavior if confronted to try and make her victim seem like the antagonist. Although she was popular in high school, she had more high-profile fallouts with the people she was closest to over those years, almost always spanning from her total lack of remorse for whatever she'd done, or refusal to acknowledge it – which manifested in her being known for having a very "selective" memory for simply trying to pretend things she couldn't recall bad things she'd done in the past if it seemed like she'd be able to get away with it in the particular situation Of the people she hung out with on a daily basis, she'd express a level of resentment, and extreme jealousy towards any girl that was attractive (no matter how close she was to them) that was so different that what you'd expect from observing her interactions with them that it made me worried for her. I also thought these feelings might relate to the other insecurities she was dealing with, and said she might want to seek help for both in concert. Whenever I brought up my observations to her (we were incredibly open with one another, and constantly had open dialogues about these sorts of things all the time), she'd readily acknowledge that she was, or had been cruel or wrong in whatever instance we were discussing, thank me for caring enough to bring it to her attention, and agree she needed help.

She did things like this to me too from time-to-time, but we'd always talk them out and after a calm respectful conversation (no matter how long it took – that was our rule we'd always pinky swear on). Little things, like becoming visibly upset if I ever asked to watch anything but her foremost program on TV: or agreeing not to eat at a certain restaurant while we were on the way to meet up with a friend to get food, and then suddenly acting so excited about that same option once the other person had joined us that I'd seem like a jerk for opposing. They were very occasional, and if I were the one to point things out to her, she'd almost always acknowledge what she'd done. If anyone else said or did those things to me, it wouldn't have mattered to me. To me, their words or actions would just be expressions of their own shortcomings or contorted worldview. From her, I guess they suggested the person who required such a high level of care and affection from me, and that I cared for so deeply, might not actually care enough to think about my far, far, lesser needs for this care, to consider or value them in the same way. It was just the total certainty I could never imagine pulling a similar stunt on her, and how certainly she'd be angry at me if I did. A few times she turned on her very best friends, because she thought they were being annoying or needy for texting her the same amount they always did, or when she'd always tell me her best friend from high school, [redacted], was such a slut, or desperate for sex whenever she told [redacted] about some new guy or hookup ([redacted] has always been jealous of how much attention [redacted] gets form guys since they were very young, and she was aware of this, and we talked about it a number of times and I tried to help her with it, but it didn't really change over time now that I think about it). On a few instances where she'd done this and I'd present my thoughts and concerns to her, I'd confess that observing her speak about and treat people she'd mislead to believe that she cared so deeply with so little respect made me worry that someday, she'd eventually do the same to me. Her assessment of what made her behave this way was that her insecurity manifested a sense of jealousy within her, and to cope with the feeling, she'd lash out at whoever she thought might be better than herself in some quality of importance to her, like intelligence or beauty. To reassure me, she always told me I was the only person she'd met in her entire life and not felt that way towards. She always said I was the exception, and that the whatever she said she felt to my face was nothing more than an expression of how she truly felt, and that despite us having spent more time together with each other than we had with anyone else but out families over our whole lives, she had only come to love me more with each passing day we spent together, and that I was the sole person she'd been close with and not come to ever feel that jealousy towards, because she said whenever I accomplished something, it made her proud and happy too.

When I got this first email from her after a week after the breakup when we'd stopped contacting each other, it made me feel like she was doing all this to me. In my mind, there were only three possibilities. She could've secretly been cheating with me for any amount of time, but lying to me so she could keep the relationship going, and continue getting support and comfort from me until she felt too guilty to keep it going. She could've also been telling the truth in the email, and not meant any of the horrible things she said to me on the phone that I couldn't, and still can't believe she was capable of saying to me at the time – but then what could have caused her to say then in the first place? With the pieces of information I had though, the only explanation that made sense was that she'd felt what she said so deeply down inside that it made her cheat that weekend, knew it had to end after that, but felt so guilty (REDA might lost her composure more in emotional situations than anyone else I've ever met) that she couldn't gather herself enough to do it right, and as a result, ended up doing it the way she did. I honestly don't know if that's any more right or wrong now than I did back then, but since I couldn't rationalize why she wouldn't do any of the things that would've made this hurt me less, like care enough to have waited two weeks until she got back so we could've ended it in person, or think about the circumstances she was ending the relationship in, what they would imply to me, how much that would hurt, and how little thought or care it would've taken to prevent me from having to feel that pain. The lack of care either implied our relationship, my feelings, and the prospects of being friends again someday mattered so little to her by the end that she didn't even force herself to stop, decide how she felt, and then show me consideration by acting on her sentiment in a way that wouldn't hurt more than it had to. And at the time, I was too hurt to assume anything but the worst of her. I thought her rendition of the conversation we'd had the past week was substantially altered. I thought this was because she'd altered it to rationalize what happened, and hide from the guilt of making me feel as hurt as she couldn't know I was experiencing (we hadn't spoken in a week), but that she must've not been able to forget how much probably hurt me based on what she said. Now, after everything we shared, I felt like I'd awoken on the back end of her using me up, throwing me aside, and then figuring out a way to rationalize it to herself so she wouldn't have to feel as bad about things afterwards.

> On Tue, Feb 28, 2017 at 1:30 PM, REDACTED > wrote:
> I'm really sorry that it ended the way it did. I feel so bad about that. Initially, my call to you was going to just be my concerns about the relationship, thinking that I would end it in person during spring break. I wanted to call you to express my concerns because I thought that way you would have some warning. However, on the phone, as soon as you said "break up" (because of commitment issues or something), I freaked out and thought that you knew what was coming. I broke up with you, and while I don't regret it, I do regret how I did it. I eventually caved under the pressure when you were pleading with me to tell you concrete reasons because I think you wanted something you could fix and something you could actively work on. But ignore anything I said about you, Mark. Your skin is fine, seriously! You have a beautiful body and a gorgeous face. And I'm sorry you feel I led you on, I completely understand how you feel that way. I guess I thought that the more I talked about the future with you, the more excited I would start feeling. And then going back on what I said the next day resulted from going to bed after reading that message you sent me about not being sure if you could trust me again. I slept on that, and upon waking up I realized how right you were. I couldn't promise you that and that wouldn't be fair to anyone.
> The next day, I decided I would have to end it once and for all, and while I was busy all day I decided that when I got home, I would call you and end it. After I responded to your long FaceBook message and then our brief phone call, I was hysterical and so were you. You kept messaging me questionable things, which were understandable given the circumstances but still a little scary, to the point where my friends confiscated my phone and computer and told me to leave the house. The threats, the begging, the constant calls--you really scared me, Mark. And it hurt to see you that way. But every time I've talked to you about this, you talk over me and you don't accept what I'm saying. Closure doesn't come from simply hearing someone's reasons. It comes from taking the time to accept what happened and be able to not regret four years of a relationship but instead see the good, see what was the bad, and be happy for the experience. I haven't reached closure yet; I'm still really sad. I don't expect to be over this for a very long time. It really hurt to lose you but it wasn't fair to either of us to keep it going.
>
> It was really difficult for me to confront these feelings. It was easier to repress the feelings and pretend everything was okay instead of acknowledging that I had changed. I care about you so much, Mark. I will always care about you. But right now, I have to care about myself first and foremost. I need to be alone and independent for a while. I don't want another relationship realistically until after college. It wasn't you--it was that I didn't feel like I could be in a relationship any longer. I know I could've brought these concerns up to you earlier, but they're not fixable by you, so it didn't feel fair. There's no way for you to personally restore intimacy (on my end) to the relationship, and the lack of it ended up making us both feel shitty. I couldn't keep it going any longer knowing that what you needed I couldn't provide, and just in general, my feelings changed. I wish I could give you a more logical, concrete answer, I truly do. I'm sorry for all the pain I've caused. I hope we can eventually meet up and talk, but for now, I do think we need some space, as that will be the healthiest thing for both of us.
>
> I cannot emphasize enough the cliche old saying of "it's not you, it's me." I really wish I could take back the things I said about you going to the gym or the dermatologist. Seriously, Mark, I caved under pressure and that was not cool. But do not feel bad about your looks for one second.

Other than the 5-minute phone call she cried for most of and hung up at the end of, we hadn't had last words. As more time went by, and I sat alone at home with nothing to do but sit in my apartment and walk to the lookout in the woods where I used to go when we talked on the phone and read books, I grew more and more angry that she could unnecessarily hurt me so much. I felt like she'd hurt me and made me feel like a fool for no reason, and **. I felt that if I kept holding in how I really felt in what I said to her, I'd just be allowing myself to continue being tricked and controlled by my thought of who I thought she was and what I'd thought we were, that'd made it so the only way I knew how to resolve any problems that arose between the two of us was to talk them out and make sure both of got to share anything on our minds, and also tried our very best to understand the other person's perspective if there was a disagreement – that was another one of the pinky promises we made the most. Now that she'd presumably cheated on, and thrown me away like this, though my impulse was to be kind to her – it's the only way I knew how to treat her, and the inclination was so strong it still spilled out in the second half of this email in which I was trying to repress it – I started to loathe myself more and more for how pathetic I was for letting it continue to dictate my actions and make me hold back how I truly felt about her ending it the way she did.

On Tue, Feb 28, 2017 at 4:57 PM, mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> wrote:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=56dRczBgMiA

can you pls confirm what you're read, like if u don't respond to this I won't know if i'm blocked on email and if u got the mssg about the shoes, and its so unfair to make me message your mom and have her deal with this stuff instead of you.

did you read the letter I sent you? I'm over this now, and I know why this didn't work out and should have ended earlier. I honestly did just want to be with you because it was the safe option, you're totally right [redacted] I liked being with you because it meant I could still get the affection I needed without having to try and impress other people. I still cannot believe how weak and selfish you were in the end though.

On what you said [redacted] I know the sex was bad at the end. Do you remember how horny I was at the end compared to the beginning? I couldn't even keep it up for you. You know that black mirror episode with the special contact lenses where they replay their previous sexual experiences when they're with their partner? Watching that actually kind of fucked with me, because I had been doing that with my imagination every time we had sex, and almost felt like I was betraying you after that. Especially after you told me that you even masturbated to the thought of me, knowing I really wasn't sexually excited by you anymore despite all I felt you had done for me at the time and cared about me and us, I just felt like I was probably just disposed to feel the way about relationships that I do about most things in life – unappreciative now matter how much I had at the time.I fantasized about a lot of girls [redacted] but I dont think I ever once did about you.. Looking back now, I never once masturbated to the thought of you, which is why I never asked for nudes or skype sessions. I guess even though you needed to hear the opposite all the time, I never really had any sort of unique sexual attraction to you. And when I thought about it to myself, that was so little of what I even cared about in our relationship, or what I would value in a relationship in general. Candidly, I think monogamy is a human construct that is severely at odds with peoples' evolutionary natural desires. I don't think there's any conceivable natural selection scenario that could have cultivated that instinct. But I guess having a true friend that loved me unconditionally for nothing other than who I was, and that I felt the same about was so

worth that sacrifice to me. The other problems are ones that everyone

experiences in their relationships and lives [redacted] they're unavoidable and

now we will go experience them with other people someday. I

just thought that our friendship and emotional connection might have actually

been something special that a lot of people don't experience their whole lives,

and I still, from the bottom of my heart, cannot believe you were so weak to

have ended it this way and have done every single thing I think you could have

to ensure that is lost forever. You know how your mom and her friend [redacted] from

Philly are still friends [redacted] Last week at first I thought

it'd be cool if we could be that someday, which is why I couldn't just let you

cut it off like that. Now we never can be that. You said that you're worried

I've become socially awkward. How many friends do you have left from high

school? And good luck finding someone else who doesn't want to have kids, or is

willing to basically take care of you for a year while you pathetically try to quit Adderall for over a year and have to leave work.

This email of mine which wasn't included in the Judicial Affairs case file, but I'm showing it here in this complete record of virtually all the correspondence [redacted] and I exchanged during the period when I committed the actions that I was eventually expelled for, in order to make sure I communicate every piece of information I can that might contribute to your understanding of what happened.

It hurt so much that after I'd spent so many years helping her with her own body issues, the things she said to me on the phone just drove me insane. Between then and when she sent me the apology letter, my pain turned into anger, and my anger made me want to do something to show her my physical affection for her had been as fake as she said hers had been for me. This is when my ability to repress that evil emotion began to falter, and the feeling it'd be easier for me to move past what'd happened if I did let it out was the only in my mind that I could explain or believe. I was ready to believe any understanding of the situation I could rationalize then, and out of that desperation, became weak enough to believe it was right to consciously say something that'd make her feel the pain that she'd made me feel with what she said in the end, and those things were the best I could come up with.

On Tue, Feb 28, 2017 at 2:03 PM, [redacted] wrote:
I read your other message as well as this one. I will get the shoes to you, don't worry. You can drop my stuff off at my house (including my extra Michael Cera socks, please).

On Tue, Feb 28, 2017 at 2:25 PM, mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> wrote:
Lol we're just gonna meet up and exchange things when you get back. Again, just help me make it a little easier to lie to all my friends at school when I tell them how it ended,and make sure every part of my unconscious is able to replace my impression of who I thought you were with who you turned out to be. I don't know if that'll still be emotionally difficult for you but I guess seeing you for a moment will help me kill off the lingering memories of you - u can choose the place. Don't worry [redacted] I'll never want you back so you don't have to worry about me asking!

Also i dont know if ur mom asked you but if you have any photos of just me from the last 4 years that you could eventually send me I'd appreciate that a lot. I guess I never kept many photos cuz I always thought I'd have yours around, but when I'm older, I'd really like to be able to remember what I did during the last four and a half years.

Also thanks for offering to pay for the dinner in Cop and then deciding not to without reason, and also rescheduling ur own flight instead of asking me if I might want to change mine first

On Tue, Feb 28, 2017 at 2:33 PM, mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> wrote:
Seriously tho u saw the messages in my email, and I don't know if this might be the famous [redacted] selective memory at hand rn, but I need to hear your justification or explanation.

On Tue, Feb 28, 2017 at 6:20 PM, mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> wrote:
pls confirm u got those so i kno u didnt block me

On Tue, Feb 28, 2017 at 3:23 PM [redacted] wrote:
I did not block you

On Tue, Feb 28, 2017 at 6:37 PM, mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> wrote:
Will you do that for me then?

On Tue, Feb 28, 2017 at 4:09 PM, [redacted] wrote:
I don't understand what you're asking for, Mark

[redacted] Feb 28
to me
I don't understand what you're asking for, Mark

mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> Feb 28
to [redacted]
can i have any photos of just me that u have from the last ~25% of our lives. would be nice to be able to look back and remember what i was up to someday.
can u pay what u said u were gonna or at least not just change the amount without explaining why or trying to determine what would be fair.
and finally,
can u confirm that ur going to meet up with me when you get back to give each other back our things

See:

These are the three logistical things we needed to resolve before we'd be able to stop communicating with each other until the time she got back in a few weeks, and I wanted to work them all out so I could stop speaking to her (until then) as soon as possible. I just wanted to get my things back, see her face one more time so it'd be easier for me to internalize what'd happened.

mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> — Feb 28
to [redacted]

You are such a frustrating person, I don't know how I dealt with this for so long.

mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> — Feb 28
to [redacted]

Lmk if you understand what I'm asking for [redacted]

Its kind of hard to believe you're really read the letter or any of that other shit i sent u if u actually didn't know I wanted these things settled asap

I guess I also need to see your face to figure out if you really didn't understand you ended it in the worst way possible for me, or if you just didn't care since it was the easiest for you. Hard to know when you're still saying the same things a week later, and none of it acknowledges what you doing it to me like this was really like given the context of our relationship. When I had serious conversations with you about how I only wanted to be committed to this if you were 100% confident that you wanted to stay together through college, why did you have to be so selfish as to not only lie to my face every time, but also not even communicate with me or actually do anything to try and make it work despite me telling you exactly how I felt.

When I explained the context of our relationship and how you ended it to [redacted] (who is still the only person I've been able to tell how you did this to me), I asked her, "how could she not think that anyone in my position would only be capable of hating her forever after this," and the only answer she could give me was "she didn't give you any other option, so just hate her Mark that's what you'll have to do.

mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> — Feb 28
to [redacted]

pls answer and dont just stop responding for a week again,this is so retarded hannah

REDACTED — Feb 28
to me

Mark, until you stop attempting to emotionally manipulate me by using my mom, my sexual assault, and my self confidence issues against me, I cannot talk to you. Your behavior is really scaring me, and I will not be seeing you this spring break. Our moms can deal with our stuff and I will send you your shoes. You have only given me reasons to be afraid of you. And if you really need photos from the last 4 years, I can share my photos with you but I will not be going through them individually for you, that is not my responsibility.

As for the reimbursement, I felt it was fair to pay for the border fine because you didn't know what you were risking and you did it for me. However, everything else in Copenhagen was a shared experience.

Please refrain from contacting me further until you are mature and calm enough to speak rationally with me.

mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> — Feb 28
to [redacted]

I don't know what you think I'm trying to manipulate you for, it's over and I was just telling you the truth. You had nothing left to give me. From the bottom of my heart, I was really just trying to communicate how you made me feel with How you ended this. I mentioned your mom because it's the only outside opinion I've had on this and she only agreed with how I feel. I'm sorry that might hurt, but it's the truth and you have no right to accuse me of being cruel for sharing blunt truths after the ones you shared with me. Your behavior has scared me a lot too [redacted] And don't play the victim, you are the one who brought your mom into this. I know it's easy for you to just say that they were shared memories now so that you don't have to feel as bad about yourself but if you actually read the email there are photos to remind you that you asked me to go to Copenhagen and that I did not want to and that the precident was that you were committed to this four year long distance relationship with total certainty, and that you had some needs that I was willing to fulfill for you and commit myself to to make it work like you told me you wanted to. I know what I put into that is just easy spending money to you, but the reason I didn't want to go before you said how important it was is that it actually was a lot of money to me [redacted] If you're really gonna be even weaker and try to make it feel like I'm the one who has been terrible here and change your mind on all that shit without conversation, I guess this will end even worse because of your selfishness and I'll be seeing you at your house when I bring by your stuff sometime when your back in a couple weeks.

Look at your justifications for each thing you willingly chose to do to me that you didn't have to [redacted] Ending it right after your trip so I'll never be able to trust anyone else with other guys again? While I'm back with nobody to talk to? Without warning or effort? Sorry I was so horrible at the end, and made this so difficult for you.

Do you have any sense at all [redacted]? Are you or your retarded friends you always make fun of and say you hate telling you to go about this?

I'm glad you

REDACTED — Feb 28
to me

Mark, I am not giving you consent to come to my house. That is unacceptable. You have to leave me alone now.

mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> — Feb 28
to [redacted]

[redacted] I'm not going to do anything else through our moms. It's really immature for you to keep dealing with things you don't wanna deal with or can't handle in your life this way, but you need to grow up.

To me, what she said about the money was tantamount to her saying: "those two things you said to me were so cruel and unfounded that you deserve to lose these the money that I was the one to bring up and suggest would be fucked up for me not to pay you." It confirmed the suspicison that had been driving me mad – that she'd just come up with some alternative narrative that absolved her of wrongdoing, and which she could walk away from this without feeling bad about it by believing – when she accused me of trying to manipulate her by using her mom, because I really only told [redacted] what [redacted] had actually told me right after the breakup, and for the sole purpose of trying to convince her what she'd done was cruel when it started to seem more and more like she wouldn't even acknowledge that for me anymore.

This was a lot of money to me and my family and almost nothing to her's. After feellng so deeply disrespected already, this made me more angry and spiteful than I've ever been in my entire life. How could she so strongly feel I had no right to express the exact same type of hurtful thoughts she shared with me, after I pleaded she just do any. I guess I really just wanted anything that'd reassure me she at least knew how hurtful what she did to me was, and that she cared in some way, so I could feel like I knew she really did care about me in the end, and what we'd been through wasn't really a lie. That's really what I was so really desparately begging her to give me now that I look back.

I took her response to mean she didn't think all the things she'd said and done couldn't possibly justify any of the anger and hate I felt towards her, and that she should've been able to comeback whenever she wanted to and expect me to still be there pleading she help me change things so that we might be friends again someday. I don't totally know why now, but it drove me mad that she wouldn't communicate the logistical things we actually needed to resolve. I guess when I explained it'd make things easier for me to handle them sooner than later, but she refused to, and drew out the process for so long nonetheless, it felt like another instance of her disrespecting me for no reason other than that it wasn't of consequence to her, and she didn't have any personal motivation to complete them so why bother instead of just having him wait? But the things I said after I'd started to think I might just be sitting back and letting her be unfair to me one last time, and that I was experiencing my final moment to achieve some better justice than I'd been dealt (which I couldn't live with myself for having been too in-control and reserved to capitalize on if she was really going to withhold the money from me) and so had to do something now, or just live with it forever. I do wish I'd just sat back and lived with it – its one of the couple of times in my life where I wish I'd listened to my parents advice, and the only time I can remember between now and when I started dating [redacted] that I couldn't just accept someone else had done something shitty to me, understand what they'd done to me was probably a manifestation of some shortcoming of their own, and be the bigger man by being unaffected by whatever they'd done, and coming out of the situation with nothing more than a mental note that I should expect that person might do the same sort of thing in the future. Before I was expelled, and despite these being the worst things I've ever said or done, [redacted] had already dealt me a greater punishment relative to my transgressions that anyone has in my entire life. I have PTSD like symptoms from multiple things from them that come up in my everyday life and I don't know how to make go away, or if they ever will.

I said this during the hearing, but I really didn't have any intention of manipulating her in any way when I told her what her mom had said, and still don't know what she was talking about. I think I was just trying to use every method I could imagine to communicate things to her. That way, I could at least rule out the possibility she might be acting the way she was because she didn't know how it'd made me feel, or thought it wasn't actually that bad, and that I was just being unreasonable.

mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> Mar 2
to [redacted]

Please read this in its entirety and respond,

To just pretend you are the victim now to justify your continuing to do nothing for me in the end of this relationship is sick. Consider the following list of things you willingly did, each because you necessarily must (1) have not stopped to think about how they'd affect me, or (2) just didn't care.

You didn't actually communicate anything was wrong despite me explicitly making clear how much I would not want to invest in a less than certain 4-year relationship, and deceived me by insisting you were totally dedicated throughout.

You decided to break up with me over text instead of in person like you said you were originally going to. Why [redacted] This part legitimately hurt so much I still start to cry when I remember it even though I hate you now, because it's still the worst most unethical thing anyone has ever done to me, and the most painful. Every time the breakup comes up and I tell people how it happened, the first things they ask is if you cheated on me, or wanted to go fuck other people so badly that you couldn't wait to do the courtesy of ending it in person after a few weeks, or waiting until I could have done the same.You didn't think about the way any your actions would hurt me in the context of our relationship, and those actions are the final statement you left me with on how you felt and cared about me

You lied to me and said you wanted forever up until the last second, even when I made it so clear the only thing I wasn't willing to do was partake in this relationship if it might end before we even finished college. And knowing that you were doing to me, and still doing it in the most selfish way imaginable given the circumstances.

You said you had concerns you wanted to work on in the relationship, described what was wrong with me and needed to be improved for you to remain interested, and then the next day ended it via text. Thanks for coming through with the communication just in time for us to do nothing about it, but for you to still be able to hurt me by saying them! This is one of those points where I'm really curious – were you able to do something so cruel because you (1) had not stopped to think about how it'd affect me, or (2) because you just didn't care.
I still would love to know which of those two options it was in each case.

One actual thing you've taught me through this is that it turns out an incredibly weak person can have even more capacity to harm someone than a sociopath. I wouldn't have thought even the worst people I've known could, in the context of this relationship, end it this way. You said you didn't want to see me for a few months in your breakup text, and so I guess you finally got the "good enough" justification you were looking for to deny me that one last thing no other person could imagine you might. Feel free to read everything that was said and try to tell yourself that you're the victim here. I'm going to see you over break because I'm not doing anything else through your mom or mine. If you want we can swap boxes and just leave. I'm starting to think you might actually both be (1) too stupid to understand why that might be psychologically beneficial for someone in my position, and (2) so selfish you're just letting yourself deny it. Just try and remember how hard it was for [redacted] when him and [redacted] broke up, and think about how much worse it was for me because of the way you chose to end it.

What you said about Copenhagen is 100% retarded fucking bullshit – a few days ago you remembered our conversations from 6 months ago where you said you needed me to go to make this relationship work. I'm glad you got "shared memories" to hold onto from the experience, but again all I have are ones I wish I could forget. I paid because you told me I had to for us to be in this relationship with certainty, and because you lied to and mislead me, that investment is for nothing. If that's the best reasoning you have to go 180 on a $550 dollar payment to me (like less than 1/3 the cost of the trip) is that you misleading me like that was ok because we got "shared memories" form it, I think we might want to sit down with someone a little more mature to talk about this with when you get back. I know $550 is not much to you, but you know its more money than I could just walk away from for a bullshit fucking reason like that [redacted] You were the one who suggested it would be fair for you to pay for the dinner.

...

mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> Mar 2
to [redacted]

When you knew someone as well and for as long as I knew you, and one day they decide they just call you to say it was all a lie and everything was for nothing, the "sorrys" and stupid contradictory answers you've given me aren't enough [redacted] I need answers and closure, and I don't know how you can't and still don't seem to think I deserve those things.

...

mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com> Mar 2
to [redacted]

at least let me know you received this/ haven't blocked me so I know my words were heard

...

...

[Message clipped] View entire message

This is truly how I felt. I don't really know what else to say. I still really can't believe after everything and how she ended it, that she could think that what I said in that email to her was so different than what she'd said to me,and I was so unjustified for saying it instead of unconditionally forgiving her one more time and taking the sorry note she left me a week later, that she could just withhold money she'd suggested that she owed me.

I felt like I knew [redacted] so well that deep down inside, I felt like this had to be a misunderstanding in some way. I truly felt deep down inside that with enough time and me just trying to talk things out and explain things to her, she would eventually gain her composure enough to be able to act like she always had and show she wanted to understand and care about how I felt. I thought she'd eventually come to see that we really could've had the option to be friends again someday if we got to a point where it might be good for us to be, and so I reached out to her again 5 days later.

Please read and respond to this [redacted] I'm not angry at you and it would mean the world to me

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 7

to [redacted]

Hey [redacted] I would still appreciate it more than anything in the world if you just came and spoke with me in person one last time when you come home for break, and I can't really articulate how much I'd appreciate it if you could respond to this and let me know you've heard the reasons why it'd be so important to me. I know you well enough to the point where if I look at your face when you're speaking I know if you're saying something because you're angry, or because you're uncertain, or because you're really mean it. I guess I just need to hear this all from you in person so that I can know in my mind with certainty you didn't end it just because you don't think I'm attractive anymore like you said to me, or because another one of your guy friends fell in love with you and this time you fell in love back, or because you were actually cheating on me all those times you've been blacked out recently, or any of the other explanations for why you'd end it like this that hurt me so deeply inside and make me feel so insecure. And even if it is one of those things [redacted] you must understand how knowing which one with certainty would be easier for me than continuing to have the lingering thought in the back my mind that it could've been any of them. In absence of any answer or explanation from you that I've been able to understand at all or know is true (especially with how many different ones you provided) those are honestly the only answers that make sense deep down inside. They're the only things and explain in my head how this could've change so suddenly. I could've definitely imagined this relationship might've ended, but it's still so impossible for me to understand that it would be without effort care or warning. So many things remind me of you [redacted] and if you could at least do this for me so that the memory of you isn't as painful, and so that I don't have to hate myself for all the reasons I'm left to imagine you really ended our relationship like this for, and can't know you didn't think I wasn't worth trying to communicate with, or worth waiting for to see if I could change in the end, it would mean so much to me.

I'm not angry at you anymore, but I still can't honestly tell you I'm not disappointed and deeply hurt that you decided to end it the way you did. I don't know about you, but collectively this was probably the best, closest relationship I'd ever had with another person in my entire life [redacted] I know that you say you think you communicated and tried to make the relationship work, and I guess somehow what you thought would constitute those things in the context of this relationship was just more different from what I thought it'd be in my mind than I could, or still can believe. To me communication meant something like those serious talks that we had when I told you exactly what I wanted out of the relationship and told you that I would have to make the hard decision of ending it if you weren't totally certain on the things that I said I needed for this commitment and sacrifice to be worthwhile. We're different people and so we have different concerns. While I was more concerned about you and your ability to actually make an educated decision on whether you were really interested in this relationship for the long term, and that we were totally certain our relationship was something unique and worth sacrificing for. I voiced it to you very explicitly because I respected you and all that you had done for me enough to always be brave and have those hard discussions with you. I did things like make us see other people, even when you wanted to stay together and I still had feelings for you. I voiced my concerns and always told you what I needed for the relationship to work, and told you I sadly would have to end it otherwise, and I still can't believe you didn't take it upon yourself to do the same and seriously voice your concerns to me. If you even look at what you asked of me in the long serious messages you sent me in the past year about the relationship (putting more thought into my presents, talking with you more, making sure our plans for the next few years were compatible) I met every request beyond what I think you were really even asking of me, and really put a lot of work into doing so and changing myself so that I could make you happy and meet all of your needs. I guess that's probably why it's so hard for me to understand how or why you could've secretly been so unhappy in the end. I just can't believe that after all that we give to each other and all the commitments that we asked of one another, that in the end you weren't willing to show me that you cared or appreciated for all the things I did for you by reciprocating with the same sort of communication and effort.

REDACTED [redacted] Mar 7

to me

Hey Mark, I really care about you and I want to meet up with you to clarify everything and give you the closure you deserve. However, I'm still really hurt by everything you said to me concerning my sexual assault and other mental health issues. I do not want to risk meeting up with you and you getting really angry at me and using me as a punching bag, because that's not fair to me, Mark. I know I hurt you and I'm so, so sorry. I want to meet up with you, but I'm unsure if I can trust you to remain calm. Everything you've said has only scared me and made me more and more unwilling to see you in person. Which sucks, because you were my best friend for so long. So for that reason, I cannot promise anything right now. But I do want to give you that closure.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 7

to [redacted]

[redacted] I've never done anything to substantiate your concern that I might physically assault you, and your using it as an excuse for not seeing me is rude and insulting. I literally said we could meet at Starbucks if you'd be able to keep it together by then. Truly, unbearably ridiculous.

The only reason I brought up your sexual assault is because from the way you ended it suggested you didn't understand at all how terrible you were to me in the end, and how much you willingly decided to hurt me when you didn't have to, and I was trying to communicate how it made me feel. You hurt me so much, and made it as hard as possible for me to communicate with you, and so I went to extreme measures to try and explain what I needed you to know. And after you made every selfish decision possible in the end, it doesn't make sense that you'd expect me to be kind enough to keep my words to myself.

Stop dragging the end of this out with retarded excuses at my expense

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 7

to [redacted]

And with why you won't see me when you get back, for example, you've given me so many different excuses that don't make sense at this point that I can't believe anything that you've said was true.

I hoped that a couple weeks later you'd have started being more real with me and yourself.

REDACTED [redacted] Mar 7

to me

When I mean punching bag, I mean emotional punching bag. I have never thought you were going to hit me. You keep lashing out at me and that is the reason why I am hesitant. Read over your emails and try to be less on the offensive. When you talk about your feelings, I am more than happy to talk. When all you want to do is harass me and hurt me, that I will not take.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 7

[redacted]

Ok, I understand and you can call me if you still need reassurance this isn't about that. Can we do the morning after you get back so that you have time to gather any things that belong to me or that I gave you that you don't want to have around anymore? We can get lunch and go to a park to talk or something. Also, I've gathered all the physical reminders and photos of you that I didn't leave at school to give back, but I would really appreciate it if you could give me some of the digital photos of us you have saved from over the years in case someday when I'm older I decide I want to have something to look back at and remember these last 4.5 years of my life. This is just another one of those little things you never let me prepare for by promising me this was forever until the last second (remember that thing we used to always do if we ever got in a fight where one of us would say "forever," and then the other would respond the same and we'd hug each other?), but I never really worried about keeping my own because I always thought I'd have access to yours. I know you take a lot of photos so it's not reasonable to ask you to just take the ones of me out, but could you maybe just save the clusters from all the times that we were together someone before we meet and send them to me? I would appreciate it so much.

REDACTED [redacted] Mar 7

to me

That sounds really nice, Mark. I'm busy the next morning and I'm not sure when I'll be free (just because I have to go to the DOL so I'm not sure when that will be over), but I would love to get lunch with you. And I'll bring you your stuff. Of course I am willing to share photos with you, Mark! I do not plan on deleting any of them. But I might need a little bit of time to go through them, if that's alright with you. I'm still getting over this break-up and will be for a while.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 7

to [redacted]

Could you stop by my place on your way back or just go there afterwards/a different day? It would be really respectful for you to make this a priority for me [redacted] I still have no idea why you went back on everything and suddenly decided you didn't want to be with me anymore, and it would just help me to get these answers as soon as possible.

I don't know why, but I really did find it torturous that she wouldn't just give me a time and place we were meeting. I gave her an agenda, freedom to choose the duration and place we'd meet, and asked so nicely her to just decide her preferences for this last contact so we could settle the logistical actions we had to perform as a result of the breakup, and when she wouldn't do that for me after I'd asked so many times, I took it as another act of disrespect, and her showing she actually had virtually no respect or care for me as a person now by refusing to do something that would take her almost virtually no time or effort (we were only going to be in the same place simultaneously for a few days, and had no obligations). I guess now she probably couldn't, or didn't want to accept that she'd have to see me again for some reason, and that's why she wouldn't answer. I still don't know what could've made her feel that way, or how the sentiment could have been so strong that she was willing to throw away what'd be the last chance for us to ever see each other again, but the only answers I could, and slowly started to believe at the time, drove me mad.

REDACTED — Mar 7
to me

I cannot go a different day as I am traveling and will need my license to drive, etc. You would be waiting hours or possibly a day at most. We can meet at a restaurant and figure out all the details closer to then.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> — Mar 8
to [redacted]

Could I just come with to tag along and hang out with you when you go like we used to when you went on errands back in the day? If you can't drive I may even be able to give you a ride by then.

On Tue, Mar 7, 2017 at 9:16 PM Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> wrote:
> What if I just came with you and tagged along to keep you company/talk everything out one more time like we used to back in the day?
>
> Also, in regards to the Canada trip [redacted] is there any chance that you might want to follow through with our plans to go together? Even though we're not together anymore, I don't see why we shouldn't be able to hang out and actually be friends

REDACTED — Mar 8
to me

Let's figure the details out closer to then, okay? As for the Canada trip, I really, really want to be friends, too. But I think it might be too soon after breaking up to go on a trip together.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> — Mar 8
to [redacted]

In regards to the DMV, why can't we just plan for the date/time you're going when u get back? Again, just having things set so I don't have to think about them anymore makes this easier than writing back for forth.

In regards to the Canada trip though, what do we have to lose from actually trying to end with the real friendship we had still in place? There's nobody else for us to hurt. Since there's only a year left in school anyways, the most either [redacted] hope for until a while after graduation are one night stands or a couple month fling at the most. I guess there's no time to get to know someone else at this point. And if in a few years we figure out this was a huge mistake and get back together like [redacted] did, actually keeping this friendship alive could end up being one of the most important things we do in our entire lives. They also refused to change my flight from the 24th to an earlier date, so I'm still not flying out until after you'd get back.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> — Mar 8
to [redacted]

To be honest since I'll still be here alone for break, I'll probably just be spending the time trying to not think about you anyways. We were best friends, and even if we don't exchange presents or get dinner with each others parents anymore, I think it'd still be so cool and special if we could still visit and see each other when we both happen to be in town. There's nobody else for us to hurt in this, and we'd both be so much happier that way. You can take a little time before you answer this if you'd like.

Also just fyi, I didn't actually mean to send that to you yesterday and was going to save it until waiting to think on it more myself, but i guess it snuck into the pasta. You don't have to answer this part right away though, I just wanted you to know what I was thinking after I saw it had made its way into the message.

I really had accepted there was no chance it could be remotely healthy for either of us to continue a long distance relationship a while before this point, but I still couldn't cope with the fact we'd almost certainly never talk or hang out with each other again with how it ended. I don't remember sending these, but if someone else had sent these I'd assume it was just a desperate attempt to

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> — Mar 8
to [redacted]

Wouls you still maybe even want to be close friends and speak with one another even though we aren't dating? After thinking about it for a while now, it just seems things would be so much better that way.

REDACTED — Mar 8
to me

Mark that is the ideal for me! We were literally best friends for four years. I always want you in my life. You're an amazing friend and I really value you. I just think we should spend some time apart before diving back into our friendship, just to make sure each of us gets closure on the other aspects of our relationship first.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> — Mar 8
to [redacted]

Like what if every time one of sees something on Reddit that we would have shared with each other, or want to talk or get advice from each other, we could just do it instead of having that part of our relationship die? I just feel like we're sacrificing it for no paticular without any real objective of reason for doing so.

REDACTED — Mar 8
to me

We won't let that part of our relationship die, Mark. It will come back. We will always be best friends. But there are still unresolved issues that only time and space can heal. This is the worst part of the process, but I promise you I want to keep you in my life as one of my close friends. We just need a little space now so that both of us can get over each other, before we can be in each others' lives again.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> — Mar 8
to [redacted]

I know [redacted] I'm worried that this just might realistically be the last chance we have to hang out with each other for many, many years given our plans for the summer and post-graduation. We also never did ever get to go on a trip like this together, and after planning so many out I was really excited to finally go on one with you. I don't know how to communicate this over email, but once you speak with me in person you'll understand I know you aren't interested in a relationship anymore, I just think given that, it doesn't make sense to sacrifice any happiness we could both enjoy with one another, and that in case this does turn out to be a mistake someday, things could be different then than they would be now with these being our final interactions. I don't know where you stand on things, but I absolutely respect whatever boundaries you'd need between us when were together. With that said, I've really thought about it, and for me at least, it'd be better off and this would be easier if we did one last little thing together as friends.
Also does that trip to the DMV plan sound good? When were you planning on going?

REDACTED — Mar 8
to me

Mark, we're both from the same place, we will see each other. We also are both in the Northeast for school. I just don't think I can emotionally handle going on a trip with you right now when I'm getting over this relationship still. Also not sure about the DMV trip, but what about Musashi's for lunch?

I remember really just wanting to go to the DMV because she'd scheduled a time to go, and so if she said that we could meet up together for the last time while she went out to do that, I could know for certainty when to expect it'd happen. We always did those sorts of errands together (I'd take a book or newspaper and keep her company in the car or something) so its not as odd of a thing for one of us to ask each other compared to other people. In hindsight however, it is abundantly clear why she would not prefer to see her ex for the last time on the way to the DMV. At the time, my thinking was senseless, and I just took her refusal to provide me as her being rude and disrespectful, and to serve no reason or purpose I could understand.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 8
to [redacted]

Wouls you still maybe even want to be close friends and speak with one another even though we aren't dating? After thinking about it for a while now, it just seems things would be so much better that way

REDACTED Mar 8
to me

Mark that is the ideal for me! We were literally best friends for four years. I always want you in my life. You're an amazing friend and I really value you. I just think we should spend some time apart before diving back into our friendship, just to make sure each of us gets closure on the other aspects of our relationship first.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 8
to [redacted]

Like what if every time one of sees something on Reddit that we would have shared with each other, or want to talk or get advice from each other, we could just do it instead of having that part of our relationship die? I just feel like we're sacrificing it for no paticular without any real objective of reason for doing so.

REDACTED Mar 8
to me

We won't let that part of our relationship die, Mark. It will come back. We will always be best friends. But there are still unresolved issues that only time and space can heal. This is the worst part of the process, but I promise you I want to keep you in my life as one of my close friends. We just need a little space now so that both of us can get over each other, before we can be in each others' lives again.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 8
to [redacted]

I know [redacted] I'm worried that this just might realistically be the last chance we have to hang out with each other for many, many years given our plans for the summer and post-graduation. We also never did ever get to go on a trip like this together, and after planning so many out I was really excited to finally go on one with you. I don't know how to communicate this over email, but once you speak with me in person you'll understand I know you aren't interested in a relationship anymore; I just think given that, it doesn't make sense to sacrifice any happiness we could both enjoy with one another, and that in case this does turn out to be a mistake someday, things could be different then than they would be now with these being our final interactions. I don't know where you stand on things, but I absolutely respect whatever boundaries you'd need between us when were together. With that said, I've really thought about it, and for me at least, it'd be better off and this would be easier if we did one last little thing together as friends.
Also does that trip to the DMV plan sound good? When were you planning on going?

REDACTED Mar 8
to me

Mark, we're both from the same place, we will see each other. We also are both in the Northeast for school. I just don't think I can emotionally handle going on a trip with you right now when I'm getting over this relationship still. Also not sure about the DMV trip, but what about Musashi's for lunch?

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 9
to [redacted]

[redacted] just let me come with you to the DMV. You got to choose when I would start needing this conversation more than anything, so please don't choose to extend the wait before you give it to me ☹ You gave me contradicting answers on so many things, and I still need you to help me understand a lot about this. We can go to Musashi's, Starbucks, and even trader joes while were out, but it's going to go longer than a lunch, and it would still make this easier for me if you just let me have this conversation with you face-to-face as soon as possible.

I know [redacted] it's just the other thing is, since we aren't together anymore and are graduating soon, this really might be the last time we ever see each other again, or for many, many years. There honestly isn't a chance either of us will make the sacrifice to visit the other while were in school, and so what this is really about is just trying to change the end in case somewhere a ways down the road, if by chance we happen to be in the same area or tried other relationships and realized that they don't compare to what we used to or could have had, it'll be more possible with a different ending.

It would help so much more than it'd hurt me to see you once more, truly just having a good time as friends. The other thing is that since you got me to stay here longer to go with you and I'm still alone here without my friends and other people to keep my mind off you, the alternative is that I'm going to be here thinking about how you weren't brave enough to give us a chance at a different ending, even after I decided to be selfless enough to forgive you for needlessly causing me so much pain to give us another chance at one. I know sometimes you have a hard time thinking straight with really emotional issues like this [redacted] but if you're able to just do this one thing to show you cared about me, all we did together, and at least the non-sexual aspects of our relationship by being strong enough to have one last hoorah, it would mean more to me than anything in the world and make this so much easier and less painful for me. On our last calls you said you still loved me and that I was your best friend even though this wasn't working out anymore. If what you said is true, why haven't you been willing to make any sacrifices to at least preserve the lifelong friendship we had and is such a big part of each of us now, even if you decided you can't commit to the relationship? Remember, we have always had very different needs. At the end of this, while severance might be easier for you, given the way things ended, its the hardest solution to this for me.

REDACTED Mar 9
to me

Mark, I cannot go on a trip with you. Not only would that be bad for both of us emotionally, but I'm also going on that national park trip with my mom. I would also prefer that we not run errands or anything. How about I get us take out Musashis and meet you at a park?

I know this is scary and horrible. It's really scary to think about the future without each other. But I'm not over this relationship yet and I'm not really convinced you are either. These emails are incredibly distressing and keep opening up both of our wounds. I want to give you closure when I'm home, I really do. But in the mean time, can we please give each other space? I can't keep emailing you, Mark.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 9
to [redacted]

I know this is over now, and I realize that this relationship made us both worse people and should have ended a while ago. But I also know that actually ending it as friends like we would have if you told me this when I asked you to during those serious talks we had about the relationship in the past would have been better for both of us. When you say this, it just still makes me sit here in disbelief that you're not willing to do what would be right for me, and that even though you went from telling me this relationship was forever to suddenly ending it overnight without an articulable reason, you can be so certain there's no chance this will ever be a mistake.

I don't know if you're still just too weak to do anything for me or what'd be right of you, or if you just don't care about doing anything to lessen the hurt because you've stopped caring about me as a human being now that you're through with me and can just choose to ignore it. I'll let you think about it until you get back, but you're going to have to give me a reason why we can't go to the DMV so we can have a certain time we're doing this at, and I hope you might be feeling strong enough to do one unselfish thing for me, and to respect all I did for you, and acknowledge how wrong and unnecessary it was for you to do what you did to me in the end after all these years.

REDACTED Mar 9
to me

I am meeting you in person and talking to you, Mark. I don't understand what else you want from me but you need to stop. Talking to you in person is purely for your purpose and I'm happy to do it for you, please don't make me regret this.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 9
to [redacted]

Lol im glad it's totally for me and that you aren't actually interested in doing anything to maintain a real friendship - not in case this turns out to be a mistake, or even because you cared about it or thought it was special I guess. Maybe read these emails over again [redacted] but I've been so much clearer than you about what I want and why I want it than you have. I don't know how to respond to your emails anymore since you still aren't making sense and you won't give me real answers to my questions anyways. Just tell me when you'll be back and are planning to go, or give me a real reason why we shouldn't just go to the DMV together. Then you can have some time to try and actually get over this so we can have a more rational mature discussion when you get here.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 10
to [redacted]

Since everyone's gone on break, the only person it's even possible for me to hang out with and talk to is [redacted] and now he just brings you up whenever he can and keeps asking me why we celebrated valentines day (cause I went with him to get your stuff) and then end it the next week, and why I said we were probably going to get married someday before, and why we didn't end it in person after we had been dating for so many years, and remin[redacted]ll the bad things he used to say about you that I'd get upset at him for like nothing else. I was going to wait until you got back to explain where all the things you said hurt you from my emails came from in person, but when I used the sexual assault analogy [redacted] wasn't trying to manipulate or fuck with you. I was genuinely trying to describe the type of anxiety that I experience when I'm confronted with these daily recurring questions and don't have any answers.

[redacted] Mar 10
to me

I'm very interested in maintaining a friendship, hence the meeting. What I'm not interested in is being antagonized and/or manipulated by you.

I am not going to the DMV with you because I do not want to. That is sufficient reasoning. Next Friday, I will pick up Musashis at 1-1:30, and let you know when I have done so and then meet you at Luther Burbank if it's not raining. If it is, I will call you with where to meet me. If there is any insulting or spiraling, I reserve the right to leave. If our conversation is going nowhere because you won't accept my reasons, I reserve the right to leave. I reserve the right to cut off the conversation after two hours. These are my conditions.

I'm sick of this, Mark. Stop emailing me. If you email me again, I will not meet with you.

I'd finally started feeling emotionally capable of seeing friends again and starting to tell people that we'd broken up, so I went to the University of Washington to hang out with a friend for the weekend. There's no need for me to explain the details, but [redacted] and this friend of mine still hated each other for a particularly bad feud they had many years prior (I remember, it was actually the feud where she became known for having a selective memory – a perspective he went to great lengths to make public after feeling she'd wronged him, but couldn't get her to acknowledge it afterwards), though I was very close with both of them during my senior year in high school and we hung out very regularly – I think I hung out with both of them after school at separate times almost every day of my second semester senior year, but sometimes those times would overlap and they'd see each other while with me. They always pretended to get along, and even seemed to enjoy each other at the time, but after, he told me they'd actually still hated each other and just pretended otherwise so I didn't feel like I had to pick which one of them I wanted to be friends with. When I told him we'd broken up, he (pretty callously, like it was amusing) said, "oh what dude? I thought you guys were going to get married someday?" He couldn't have understood how hard it was for me, or why that'd hurt me with how little information I could bring myself to reveal to him about the breakup, but it honestly disturbed me. I think my facial expression alone told him that wasn't the appropriate type of commentary to make, and he quickly changed his tone and tried to comfort me the rest of the times we hung out while I was home, but I think that initial response he gave me just ripped me apart. The version of this I described in the email is dramatized, but based on that.

The reason for this is that it made me think about everything she did to mislead me into thinking she was incredibly committed and certain about our relationship until the very end, which reminded me of my suspicion she might've secretly been using me by the end by simply lying and saying she felt that way when she knew she didn't so that she'd continue to benefit from it. The thing [redacted] was referencing was a time when he'd asked me if I thought I'd get married to [redacted] someday. This had come up in conversations with friends a good number of times before then, and I'd always say I didn't know, or that I really hadn't talked about it with her, even though she really openly talked about & planned for the prospect of marriage very openly with me, and despite my hesitance for the last few years we were together. One time in conversation in the past year or so before this, she described how she had responded when a friend asked if she thought we'd get married, and then asked me how I responded when people asked me. When I told her very honestly, she expressed that she was a little hurt in some way, since she was more open with her friends about it and felt like me sort-of sharing it from mine might be an expression of the fact that I was really less committed than her, and despite us having always relished the fact that everything about our relationship – our respect, admiration, love, and affection for one another – was felt in the same way by us both. I thought it might be good for me to be more open with the people close to me about my thoughts like those anyways, so I said I'd let it out a little more when my buddies brought it up in the future to reassure her – I love trying to come up with little ways I might be able to do something for myself to justify going along with little things like these that might mean a lot to the people I love or know, even if I might not be able to understand why they might even care about or value what I'm doing for them. If there's a pretty good reason for me to do it anyways, and it'd make them happy, the activity becomes more than worthwhile. The reminder of how many of these kinds of things she's asked of me until the end, and how readily, happily (and now I felt, foolishly) I did almost, if not every single one of them that she asked me to.

At this point, one of the things I was incredibly anxious about at this point was that once I got back to school I wouldn't even have the heart to tell my friends what had really happened between [redacted] and I at the end, because I wouldn't be emotionally capable of confronting how it'd really ended each time I told it to someone. I don't know if I hold myself to a high standard, or have a fear of public failure, or both, but when I try and fail to achieve or produce an outcome, and then fail to despite having really put everything I had into it, it makes me hate and doubt myself more than anything else. I think part of the reason I was able to work so much harder during my internship this past summer and the first few weeks of fall term is that at work, I finally got acknowledgement and praise for things I had worked so long and hard to either improve, or change about myself, but had started to worry more than anything in the world in the past few years I might never actually get a chance to use now, and had actually toiled so long to foster them for no reason at all, other than that I wasn't self-aware enough to realize I wasn't cut out for the job earlier, which'd at least have prevented me from being years behind in the pursuit of whatever line of work might really be obtainable for someone like me. I couldn't bear going back to tell everyone I knew, and that I'd exclusively told my relationship with [redacted] was fantastic – because that's the only way I'd ever felt, and the only way she'd ever told me she did – that she ended it by sending a 3-line message to me on facebook, and blocking me on all contacts aside from when she'd intermittently decided she wanted to talk again. I can't think there's anything I wouldn't have done to just help convince her it was worth it to sacrifice a few hours of her life while we were at home to make a different memory of the end that I could believe in and use to take the place of the one I kept going back to believing she must've only allowed to happen by mistake when her emotions had stopped her from being able to be her true self, as I did, and knew I'd only be able to abate the pain by forgetting. This term, two different friends who still didn't know what happened between us asked me if was still dating [redacted], and I still just have to say "oh yeah, we broke up a while ago, wasn't working out" and hope my facial expression, tone, and punctuality are enough to tell them how pained I feel from the mere sound of her name, and desperately I don't want to talk about it.

I had said dark things before this, but when I was simultaneously reminded of all the pain and humiliation I'd come to suspect I might ultimately be suffering from on accordance of actions she perpetrated to use and take advantage of me for the last part of our relationship, and confronted with the fact that there was no chance we'd have a different memory of the end, but rather at best, a slightly amended version of the one we already had,

I also was so desperate for her to just tell me she was sorry and acknowledge that she had hurt me a lot more than she had to, and that I'd just deserved a little more in the end than having to beg the way I was to get her to do that. If she had virtually no understanding for what it must've been like for me, then I thought my impression of our love and how special the relationship was might've really just a one-sided fantasy she'd accidentally tricked me into living by saying words she didn't mean but I was stupid enough to believe were real. I stopped being able to control my emotions when I started believing I'd be a fool if I didn't hurt her back the same way she hurt me instead of begging her to say she way sorry, and as a result, resorted to writing the threats I made in this email. I should've let the money go, it was within her legal power and authority to decide not to give it to me, and I'd give up half my income for the next ten years now to be able to go back and tell myself to be strong enough to have just walked away. At the time though, I just couldn't take it, and weeks of the worst anxiety I'd ever felt made me so sick in the head that I produced these. I'm not trying to excuse what I did, I'm just trying to tell you how I really came to be able to say the things I did here. It's quite clear that her response to my email was the appropriate one for her to make now; it was inappropriate for me to share the experience with her at this point, and an affirmative response from her would've simply encouraged me to write more. It wasn't a real act of disrespect, but in that moment, I couldn't take that she wouldn't give me a sorry, and that was the only thing on my mind. These are all the emails I was expelled for sending.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 11
to Hannah

Ok, if you're such a stupid fucking pathetic bitch that you're still trying to victimize yourself at this point, and I think its probably better that we don't see each other again. A person is supposed to be angry at the end of a relationship they had been lied to and abused in, especially in one like ours that was so close, lasted so long, and ended without warning. I know cruel fuckers [redacted] but none of them capable of what you did, and still feeling the way you do weeks afterwards. I think what you don't fucking understand is that your reasons aside from you thinking I'm ugly make zero fucking sense, and I still can't come to terms with the fact that sentiment was so strong you didn't even want to consider being open, or putting in the time and effort to see if whatever problems you decided you had might be fixable. You did everything conceivable over the years and at the end to make this as fucked up as possible for me so that it'd be impossible to be friends.
And after causing me more pain than I've ever experienced for no reason other than to make this easier for yourself, if you still will not acknowledge what you did (which I have articulated thoroughly in these emails), and don't regret it or want to do anything to try and end this relationship differently or on better terms, you're more fucked up than anyone I'd ever be friends with. Your reason for not going to the DMV is the same reason you've provided for every single selfish thing you've done to make this harder for me and easier for you - you just don't feel like it. Given that you knew these would be the worst circumstances to end this in the context of our overall relationship, you must be one crooked fucking whore to also execute the breakup in the most cruel fucking way imaginable.

If you actually have any desire to talk, let me know. If not and by the time you get here and you'd still be doing this just for me, just fucking do everyone you'd ever meet in the future and kill yourself you fucking sociopath. I'll still need my money and my shoes, and you're also going to pay for me to pay to change my flight to an earlier date since you are the one that 1) asked me to go back that date with you at your convenience, 2) switched your flight without asking me if I might want to switch mine first, and 3) decided you'd rather have me sitting at home thinking about what you did to me than just give a couple days of your time to salvage a relationship from all this, despite that you're responsible for all of it. You're also paying me for part of the copenhagen trip (again, you were the first one to suggest this would be appropriate).

And since you've been such a heartless cunt, If you don't I'll probably post your nudes on reddit every day until they finally reach the front page (cause with your gross flabby tits, it'll probably take some work!), or contact whoever you're with for the next few years so that when they also realize you seem really willing to use people and treat them like shit if you can get away with it, just like I did, they'll know not to also get tricked into thinking they're the exception to your fucking sick and disgusting behavior. Whatever I can to hurt you as least a fraction as much as you hurt me. You'll regret this when you realize how unmarriageable of a partner you are, and how annoying, unaware, and just generally embarrassing you make it to be your partner when with other people. For most guys, having everyone whisper to you and ask why their partner is constantly doing things that are so socially retarded (even your friends do this) won't just make them laugh or think you're cute or funny.

Thank you for hurting me as much as possible to make this easier for yourself. Don't do this to anyone else for the rest of your life [redacted]'ve never felt anything like the pain from when you broke up with me by text and said we shouldn't talk again for a few months. In those moments when you wouldn't speak to me, I almost did some things that I seriously would have regretted and that I wouldn't have ever imagined I might be capable of before.

I hope life brings you nothing but pain and suffering.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 11
to [redacted]

This is only going to be worse if you try and have your mom deal with it. Kill yourself you spineless fuck

I don't know what she ever said to them, but right after I sent the first email, [redacted] started calling me and my parents. I remember telling her it wasn't ok for her to contact my parents (which I'd asked of her, and she'd agreed to when we talked in person the day of the breakup when we were still on good term with one another), and her telling me to "fuck off, because she and my mom were best friends and she could say anything she wanted to her." Since our last interactions had been good, I assumed [redacted] must've misrepresented the dispute we were having over money when she'd described it to her, and that she was acting accordingly.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 11
to [redacted]

It hurts and is hard for her to do these things for you [redacted] and she was always good to me through the end and I don't want to hurt her with this.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 11
to [redacted]

are you gonna still just cry and have mommy do everything for you even after you've graduated from college in a year? You have regressed academically since high school and never became more mature than you were when we first met.

You fucking pathetic disgraceful piece of shit

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 11
to [redacted]

Respond confirming that you are going to discuss payment with me, reschedule my flight for as early as the 20th, and give me my things back either the night you get here, or before you go the the DMV the next morning.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 11
to [redacted]

If you take your time I'll make sure you regret it

...

[Message clipped] View entire message

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 11
to [redacted]

Before, I decided I'd finally just threaten you into giving me the things of monetary value that you still need to give me because it had finally clicked in my mind that you really aren't someone I'm interested in being friends with anyways. Now that you've threatened me, and decided to have mommy tell on me to my parents and threaten to sue/get the police involved because my little email hurt your feelings, I'm not just uninterested in being friends [redacted] I hate the piece of shit human being you are and want to watch you [redacted]re than anything in the world. Thank you for somehow, when I thought you had actually done every weak selfish thing I could think of, showing me how wrong I can I be one more time by escalating this to a whole new level. I've seen so many breakups now [redacted] and I've never seen anyone be a fraction as cruel, selfish, and pathetic as you were through this.

I paid for your flight and shit in Cabo and you also got me to go to Copenhagen. Over the last few months I spent around $3000 dollars on you and this relationship to pay for things you never did, and apparently never had would have done for me despite being so much more wealthy (remember when we would talk about me going on family vacations with you, and you'd always say that I would have to pay for my flight/room?). Not everyone's mommy and daddy get to live off grandpa's life savings and sit on their asses zonked out on a dozen different medications at home their whole lives. You are going to pay to change my flight, and at least as much as you said you were going to pay me for the Copenhagen trip.

...

[Message clipped] View entire message

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 12
to [redacted]

My father just beat me physically in a parking lot until I started screaming for help because of what your mom said to him earlier and told me to sleep somewhere else tonight. He has never done anything like that to me before. The only thing I want to do more than end my own life right now is end yours and your pathetic fucking mothers.

...

[Message clipped] View entire message

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 12
to [redacted]

He deactivated my phone too, and said he did both because I had promised I'd stop contacting you before and didn't, and given the total fucking hilarious monstrosity of a bullshit story your mommy came up with when she told on me to my parents for being mean back to her poor little 21 year old daughter, the paranoid piece of shit was mad like he'd never been before that I'd expose us to such a *real, non-imaginary* legal threat. The conversation leading up to it consisted solely of him screaming at me for doing this to him, and me saying I was sorry, promising I wouldn't again, and him telling me that promise didn't matter because I had already made it. Now though, I'm happy to break it. I will remember each of these individual things you have decided to do to me, and someday you will regret them so much when you realize how little I asked of you in the end, and how much unnecessary you have and regularly do cause the people around you in your life needless suffering because of how weak and needy you are.

You will know the same pain and suffering that you caused me now. If you do not personally call me to work out compensation for the things you owe me for in the next 24 hours (which my parents feel the same way I do about now that I told them all about it) so that we can actually never speak to each other [redacted] like we'd both like, I'll take that to mean that you are not going to repay me or give me a reason why other than that you "don't feel like it anymore," login to someone else's social media accounts and keep and eye out for my posts. Just like everything you did [redacted] it won't be illegal, it'll just be too fucked up and hurtful for you to believe I could care about you little enough to do. Unfortunately we have to speak with each other to determine that (which is why I pleaded with you to talk with me and figure this out as immediately as possible and have been trying to get you to respond about it for **weeks** now), but this will be the last time we contact each other until we die, and I promise you that. I'm going to burn and throw away your shit unless you specifically ask for it back (since you don't seem to care) but you'll have to give my belongings and shoes to whichever one of my parents meets with yours to swap our things.

I still actually loved you deep down inside a few days ago and wanted to make sure I was respectful enough to make sure we could be friends after this even though you had been so terrible, because I had always been the bigger man in this relationship and I didn't see any reason to not try and make us both better off by just doing it one more time.

Today, the thought of you crying excites me, and when I heard you failed the test you took after you broke up with me on a whim earlier tonight, it was truly exhilarating. It's the most happy and excited I've been in weeks because since I haven't even started to do things like let my feelings out publicly which I was doing out of courtesy for you, and it means once I do the pain you'll feel might resemble mine.

...

[Message clipped] View entire message

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 12
to [redacted]

STILL TRYING ELSA FUCKERS?

IF YOU DONT WORK OUT THE MONEY ISSUE WITH ME BY 8:00 PM MY TIME, I WILL HAVE STOPPED BEING RESPECTFUL ENOUGH TO KEEP THE BREAKUP PRIVATE.

...

[Message clipped] View entire message

I don't know what [redacted] said that motivated my dad to do that to me, but it hurt and I. Now I realize that since [redacted] and I were the only ones that really understood all things we'd bought for one another in the past 6-months or the nature of those purchases other than us, so to [redacted] (who probably knew nothing about it) it might've just been me actually making threats out of nowhere to try and get money from her or something – I don't know. I don't really know any of the content from the conversations she had with my parents after this point, but when they responded to the empty threats I used to try and force them to come to the table on the issue by going to my parents, they didn't just try to stop and control me, they turned against me. And it was easier for me to believe they went that far because what [redacted] said was so insane that it justified their behavior and refusal to believe anything I'd said, instead of that they really just turn on me so harshly at the first sign of trouble. I've learned better since I got expelled though. When I tell them things now or ask them for help, I can tell they don't respect or care about me now that I've just become an item of deep incredible shame that'll come up whenever they have to speak to anyone they know, and will probably keep them up at night hating every part of themselves that created such a fucked up monster that harassed his ex girlfriend so severely with the emails he wrote after they broke up that his school threw him out for it when he wasn't even found guilty of a crime. I know they're just worried I'm going to kill myself now, but if they could take the bigger perspective on things, I think they'd understand it'd probably be easier for myself that way in the end for them too.

Mark Anderson <andersonmark221@gmail.com> Mar 12
to RED

Thanks for having the police stop by, I was able to talk with him and confirm that I haven't done anything remotely illegal, and ask about what actions I can take in the future without jeopardizing my safety.

twitter, facebook, etc.

Goodbye

...

[Message clipped] View entire message

This was actually true. When the police officer came to my house, everyone else left and he sat with me on my couch and I told him everything that'd happened, and the story behind the money I had threatened them about. He was very empathetic, but said that since we didn't have a contract or anything like that, it was within her power to just not give it to me or explain why. He also said the REDACTED and I were not to contact each other anymore, which I told him was my only desire and asked him to communicate to them that they were not to speak with my family anymore, and asked to look at my phone to confirm I didn't have any nude photos of REDA, which I immediately handed over. After this, I asked him if it would be illegal for me to post on social media about it or say shitty things about her to people outside of her immediate family as long as they were all true, and he said it was as long as I was merely expressing my opinions or feeling and not threatening or slandering them, that there was no reason I couldn't. That's the discussion I'm referring to in the email above.

After I sent the first email, her mom and dad started calling me and my parents saying she'd call the police or sue us if I didn't stop bothering her about the money. At the time, it felt like I was in a fight with the people I'd been closest to in the world just weeks before. I felt like she'd started this all when she broke my trust and said all the things she'd told me that Monday after she got back from Montreal with REDACTED. The email I sent in response to her apology letter were the first words of mine I had any reason to believe she'd read. Thus, it was the first opportunity I had to say anything mean in response to the hurtful things she'd told me on the phone to me the week before, and I was too stupid and weak at the time to pursue the course of action that it's depressingly obvious would have made the best of the situation for everyone involved, and just accept her apology. Both of us would've been better off in the end if I'd had enough self-control to behave rationally and repress my desire to make her feel the way I did, no matter how much what she did might've made me hurt.

When I felt like they were trying to leverage the fact my parents don't have the means to oppose them in a legal battle to get them to control me by delivering the empty threat of a lawsuit. I was crazed enough to think RED's sole intention for doing this was to effectively deliver a threat to my parents which they couldn't know was superficial, and would certainly do whatever was necessary to stop their son from exposing them to the risk of, and doing whatever he'd done that was so malicious and unsolicited that it'd brought their close friend Barbra so say whatever she told them about their son.

After this point I did two things to get back at her. I felt like I had to bring people from their family into the conflict and unnecessarily share truthful information that reflected poorly on them to reciprocate for how they'd turned my family against me, and that I also still needed to hold them accountable for the money, even if I wasn't going to get it anymore. Beyond that, I also wanted to do something that would make it so neither of us would ever be able to consider trying to engage in a friendship or relationship for the rest of our lives. Beyond that, I wanted to make it so I wouldn't have to worry she might come back to me someday and ask to try things again, and so RED and RE wouldn't try and continue being friend with my parents and make me suffer by keeping some memory of her on the periphery of my life. The two things I did to achieve these purposes were write a tweet, and message two people in their family things I knew they wouldn't want them to know.

The tweet read something along the lines of "Lmao @ when your ex won't pay back the $800 she owes you after the breakup, even though her parents don't work and have been living off her grandpa's trust fund for decades." I deleted it less than 24-hours later. I shouldn't have done it, and was quick to realize it then when my thoughts were the most irrational they've ever been, but I felt like people at least had to know what she'd done now that she got away with it.

The messages were to the only family members of hers I was friends with on facebook – her cousin and aunt. They weren't even about them specifically. RED hated her own family – mostly her father and brother – and I told the aunt things that she'd said about them. I did the same for the cousin regarding things [redacted] had said about his family. Although it did come under the scrutiny of the judicial affairs court, this is the action I regret the most, and the most unbelievably evil and fucked up thing I've probably done in my entire life, and certainly the main reason [redacted] did everything she could to hold true on her threat to "take away my scholarship." These were people I knew, and hung out with and loved. But in the moment, I was fucked up enough to be able to bring them into this just so I could get back at [redacted] and [redacted] for having done what I saw as the same at the time.

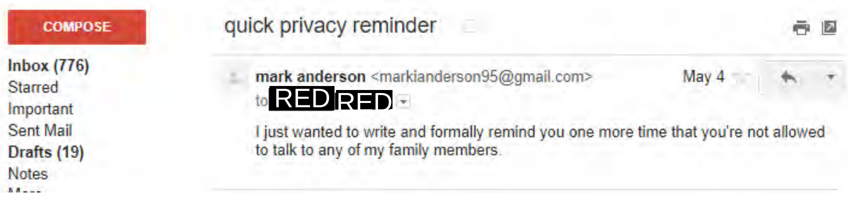
These are the last actions I committed with the motivation of causing any member of the [redacted] family harm in any conceivable way. My only direct contacts with them in the last few days before March 12th when I stopped making contact with them entirely are the emails I've provided here.

Although I'd done these things under the presumption I was most certainly not going to receive any of the compensation [redacted] had promised me, they gave my dad the money a week later when my dad met up with [redacted] to exchange me and [redacted]'s belongings (as I later found out from the email she provided in the police report, she'd actually convinced my parents that I was just demanding payment for some totally random sum of money and threatening to post her nudes if she didn't, as they also describes in their police reports). For several weeks until the Spring term, this was the last I heard of them.

Ø THE INFORMATION I DID PROVIDE DURING THE COS HEARING.

Weeks later after I'd arrived at school, [redacted] started to carry out a calculated & strategic effort to make me pay for what I'd done to them during the Winter. At some point she told my mom she was going to try and take my scholarship, and this past week when I was expelled, I think she succeeded so far beyond her goals I honestly think she'd be horrified, no matter how much I know and have been told they hate me by our mutual friends.

Pretty much all the exchanges from this period happened between [redacted] and the either college, police, or my parents, so there aren't any emails or messages for me to show other than the ones in the report, as well as the following email which I was arrested for sending on or about May 4th and provided during the hearing:


COMPOSE
Inbox (776)
Starred
Important
Sent Mail
Drafts (19)
Notes
quick privacy reminder
mark anderson <markianderson95@gmail.com>
May 4
to [redacted]
I just wanted to write and formally remind you one more time that you're not allowed to talk to any of my family members.

To be absolutely clear, I'd like to reiterate that the information provided up till this point in this letter provides all the facts and circumstances necessary to understand the actions I committed which I was expelled for, and I provided none of it (aside from a brief few sentence summary) because the descriptions of the allegations which had been raised against me included very precisely defined time periods which Judicial Affairs had said the actions I'd committed during were potentially violations of the Dartmouth Community Standards of Conduct, and none of these events occurred in those time periods. After you've read what happened during the spring and see how much worse these actions would seem to the school

The following information is all that is required to understand the events which occurred in the spring term, the time during which I was arrested and given a restraining order (which made it reasonable for my public defendant who the school's officials had told me was familiar with the process, and was my only impartial advisor who have me any assistance with the process), and which I was led to believe the school was accusing me to have been acts of malicious harassment or coercion. Thus, this is the information that I provided to the committee during the hearing.

Weeks later when I arrived at school for the spring term, I'd assumed this was all over. I hadn't heard from the [redacted]'s in weeks, and the police officers they'd asked to visit my house and evaluate the situation had told me that any subsequent contact the [redacted]'s or I made with each other family members against the other party's will would constitute the other party getting a restraining order against the agitator.

[redacted] must have looked up the Dartmouth term schedule online of something, because on the first day of spring term, my parents started calling me saying that [redacted] was calling them and saying that I'd made more death threats, harassed them, and done a number of other things that I just simply hadn't in the time since March 12th when I'd stopped contacting them in any way, because I simply wanted to know I'd never have to hear from them again at this point so I could just slowly start to forget them and stop everything in my life form bringing me back to the painful memories of them. In the winter when my parents started telling me they'd been in contact with [redacted] and were unconditionally taking her side & perspective in the affair over my own, I started reacting very, very adversely whenever they'd try to do something to control my actions on [redacted]'s behalf and I could identify that it was going on. For example, I remember at one point when my dad suggested he should take my laptop and phone away to make sure I didn't contact them again, I promised him that if he did, I do anything within my capabilities to make sure I was at the library the next morning before it opened so I could send the [redacted]'s something ten times more severe than anything I'd already said. Probably out of concern for their own son, who they wouldn't believe [redacted] was just lying to their faces about, and probably wouldn't admit what [redacted] said was true if he had been doing those things anyways, they kept accepting her calls and listening to whatever narrative she provided them, but would try to hide that they'd been speaking with her from me while simultaneously acting upon what she told her. They were horrible at this, and it was quite obvious when they were acting on new information she'd given them. I'd call them out on this in conversation when they accidentally revealed that they knew something or had a concern which is was almost or totally inconceivable they might raise if they hadn't spoken to her. They'd respond by getting defensive, admitting they'd continued to speak with her, and justify why they felt like they had to and couldn't trust what I said. I'd get calls from them while I was studying, or with friends, or in class, and every time it'd just be lost in disbelief that RED could try and get me back for these things in such a fucked up, sociopathic way weeks later when even I'd become removed enough from the situation to just want to be past it. I wasn't sure if RED would ever deliver on the threats she'd directly and indirectly made to me, but I thought it'd be by spreading some dark rumor about me or something. I guess maybe she felt that over the weeks since I'd sent those messages in the end, the same crazy anger that built up in me when I felt that I'd been unjustly wronged at the end of the relationship, and which eventually brought me to send the messages in the first place probably built up in her, until she also couldn't help but try and at least try her best to bring some reciprocal hardship upon me.

After my parents started calling me and told me all the lies RED had told them about me over the phone, I became livid and sent the following email (from page 23 of the COS Hearing Packet)

n Mar 28, 2017, at 3:27 AM, E W wrote:

My sister D told me that she had just received your Facebook message yesterday.

H has not asked me to contact your parents. That was all on me.

Sent from my iPhone

On Mar 27, 2017, at 8:45 PM, Mark Anderson wrote:

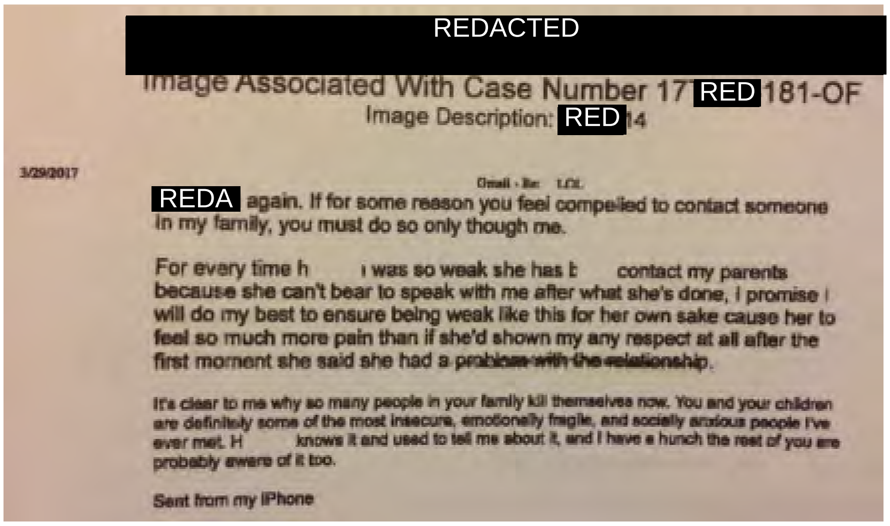
I did what I did to demonstrate to H and B how immature and needlessly harmful it was to bring members of our families into this that didn't want to and shouldn't have been involved, to make sure I never have to worry about ever hearing from you again, and because after h was as cruel as possible to me for no reason in the end after everything, and had no desire to do anything to end it differently, which made it honestly feel really good to do something that'd let me know she'd feel a fraction of the unnecessary pain I experienced because of her.

If you don't remember, she broke up with me by text after 4.5 years the Monday after she'd been gone for the weekend with 2 friends, one who she previously said was in love with her, and didn't answer my texts or calls while gone (we always called at least once a day, as she insisted). The only reason she gave was that she thought I was unattractive and she didn't enjoy the sex. After her being the one to have constantly pressured me into reassuring I wanted to be with her forever, she ended it without ever once saying she had a problem with the relationship beforehand and had virtually no desire to remain friends or reservations this might be a mistake. I could continue on but, I think you might remember some of the behaviors I'm referring to.

The police officer you had speak with my parents said you'd be harassing me if you contacted my family again.

I'm at school now and this was out of my mind. Intriguing you felt the need to threaten/provoke me again about something I sent 3 weeks ago. This is my final warning on this matter, do not ever speak to my mother, father, or

23



REDACTED

Image Associated With Case Number 17[redacted]181-OF
Image Description: [redacted]14

3/29/2017

Gmail - Re: LOL

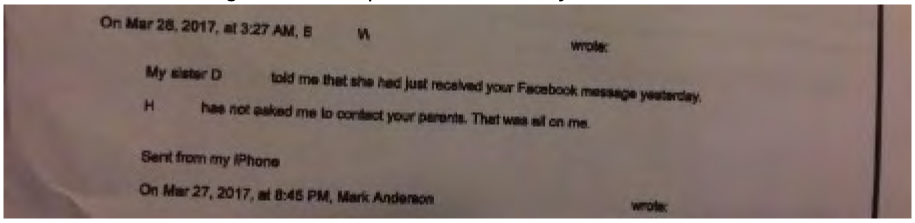
[redacted] again. If for some reason you feel compelled to contact someone in my family, you must do so only though me.

For every time h i was so weak she has t contact my parents because she can't bear to speak with me after what she's done, I promise I will do my best to ensure being weak like this for her own sake cause her to feel so much more pain than if she'd shown my any respect at all after the first moment she said she had a ~~problem with the relationship~~.

It's clear to me why so many people in your family kill themselves now. You and your children are definitely some of the most insecure, emotionally fragile, and socially anxious people I've ever met. H knows it and used to tell me about it, and I have a hunch the rest of you are probably aware of it too.

Sent from my iPhone

She sent the following email in response the next day:



On Mar 28, 2017, at 3:27 AM, E W wrote:

My sister D told me that she had just received your Facebook message yesterday.
H has not asked me to contact your parents. That was all on me.

Sent from my iPhone

On Mar 27, 2017, at 8:45 PM, Mark Anderson wrote:

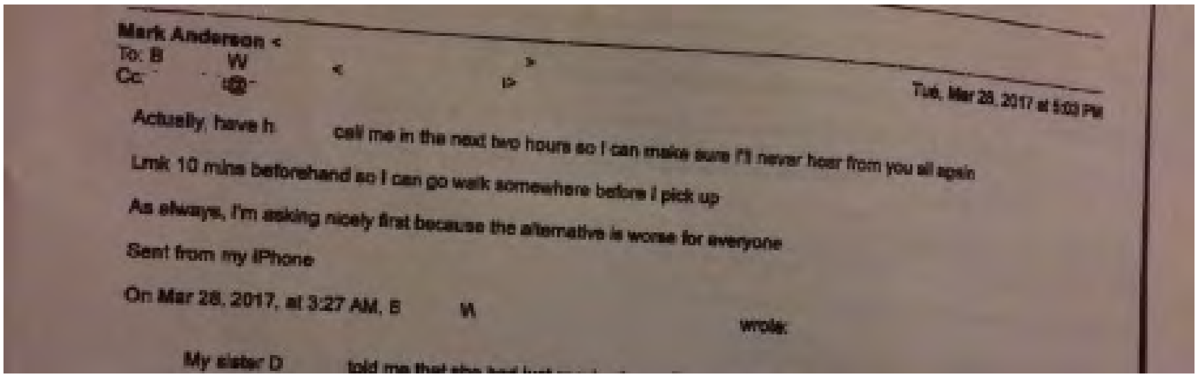
While this seems genuine, this aunt specifically has a reputation for constantly being on facebook (commenting on everyone's posts, live-streaming random everyday things she did like riding her horses, and always speaking in all caps because she thought it was funny) so I took this as [redacted] simply continuing to. I guess there is a chance she went offline for a while or something, but since [redacted] had threatened to make me pay for what I'd done, I was pretty quick to jump to the assumption that she'd suddenly reappeared in my life on the first day I got back to school to achieve her avowed vengeance, and write off the small improbability it was a coincidence and she might be right, but what she did in the weeks after confirmed my suspicion.

I'd asked to speak with [redacted] to communicate the nature of my request for privacy, and that if her mom contacted my parents like this and lied to them again, the only thing I'd be able to do in order to protect myself would be to go out and seek a restraining order. [redacted] was nonresponsive to numerous requests and explanations I'd given her not to speak with anyone in my family since the first day of the breakup when we were still friends and spoke with one another, until the last few days before March 13th when she was speaking with them secretly, so I wanted to try and see if I could communicate the severity of what she was doing to [redacted] in hopes that she might be able to convince [redacted] to stop.

[redacted] agreed to this, we unblocked each others' phone numbers, and she gave me a time that she was available and wanted to take the call at. Hours before that time when I was studying in the stacks, she called me, and I ignored the call and asked why she was calling so much earlier than planned. She said she needed to do it earlier now and told me she'd be free for the next 30 minutes or something like that. In less time than she'd told me she had available before her next class, I walked out to the graveyard on Tuck Drive and started smoking a cigarette and called her back. She didn't pick up and I got pretty impatient given that I'd been very flexible and given her full discretion in deciding when the call would take place. She then told me she had to go to class and blocked me again. I thought she'd agreed to my request at first because it was undeniably reasonable given what [redacted] had done, but then just backed out at the last second because she couldn't bear to speak with me, even for a matter of seconds and for this reason, and made up an excuse. I couldn't, and still can't actually can't think of any other reason she'd have done those things.

I was just totally confused at this point – angry because I did not like these people, and wanted so badly to not still be interacting with them, but could not get them to respect or seemingly even listen to my requests for privacy. I called the police to determine what I'd have to do in order to get a restraining order, and they said I'd have to go to Grafton County District court in person in order to file one. This was a 1.5 hour drive with no public transportation, and I wasn't even ready to talk to people about this breakup, let alone ask a friend to drive 3 hours and spend half their day with me in Grafton County getting a restraining order against the family of my ex-girlfriend I'd told them I was in a perfect relationship for the 2.5 years I'd known them for, because I couldn't deal with her mom shit talking me to my parents, so it was very apparent I would not be able to do this while I was in school for the term.

Thus, after [redacted] blocked me without taking the call or saying anything of substance after she'd agreed to have it, I decided to just try and get her to have it one more time, since I didn't really have another feasible way of trying to make them stop at this point anyways, and so I wrote again the next day:


Mark Anderson <
To: B W <
Cc: @
Tue, Mar 28, 2017 at 5:03 PM

Actually, have h call me in the next two hours so I can make sure I'll never hear from you all again

Lmk 10 mins beforehand so I can go walk somewhere before I pick up

As always, I'm asking nicely first because the alternative is worse for everyone

Sent from my iPhone

On Mar 28, 2017, at 3:27 AM, B W wrote:

My sister D told me that she had

The "alternative" I'm describing in a sort of threatening and ominous tone here is me going out to get a restraining order against them so I'd be able to feel secure and make sure that if they were harassing me now (as it almost certainly seemed in my mind due to the timing of when she reached out to my parents), I could at least rest easy knowing they wouldn't be able to continue to do so in the future.

Their response to this email was to go out and get a restraining order against me. Two police officers came to my dorm room while I was hanging out with my roommate and his girlfriend. After they said they were there to issue me a restraining order, I became frantic and asked them if we could go to the study room on our floor so we could speak more privately.

Over the next few weeks [redacted] would call the police and S&S and told them I was presenting threats that were very obviously misconstrued versions of things I'd said before, or just totally fictional altogether. For example, at one point a few weeks after [redacted] attained the restraining order and I had continued not to contact the [redacted] family in any way, a police officer showed up at my door to "sit down and have a talk with me"/look into the possibility that I might have nude photos of her. Because they had already requested another officer do this a month earlier, and had also already sent me the money which I had threatened to post the photos to get them back for refusing to give me (or just explain why they didn't think it was appropriate for them to give to me anymore), and not heard from me in any capacity whatsoever since March 13th when [redacted] sent the police to my home, aside from the brief communications we exchanged about the nature of my privacy request on the first few day of Spring term after [redacted] had started calling my parents again and telling them that I'd been doing otherwise, I did, and still can only believe that her sole intention for seeking protection from law enforcement and the school at this point was to try and get me back for what I'd done to her and [redacted] months before during the winter. I asked the policewoman who came to my dorm room to talk with me about this matter what reason she had for visiting me about this issue which I'd already done everything in my power to comply with law enforcement and demonstrate was not a threat I had virtually any intention, or even the materials necessary to act upon, and in response, she told me that [redacted] and [redacted] had called earlier that day and expressed fears it might be a current threat for some reason. After a few more visits by the police and phone calls to my parents where [redacted] cited things I'd said between March 10th-13th, and contorted them to make it seem like I was presenting an active threat to her or her daughter, despite me really having just desperately wanted to not hear from them every again after that time.

I can't tell you how unsafe this made me feel in my everyday life at school. Every time I heard an S&S or Hanover Police officer going by Hitchcock down Mass Row, someone with heavy boots and a keychain walking up the stairwell, or the sound of a walkie-talkie, I was start panicking and worry it might be the first sign that they were coming to get me and make me explain a situation I couldn't bear to speak about or possibly be able to come up with a story to explain. I told a couple people at the school what was going on at the time, and they believed me (or pretended to at least), but said the only thing I could really do would be to talk to the police and figure out how to get a restraining order of my own. The threat that RED might call my parents or the police and lie about the situation in a way I couldn't defend at any moment just to toy with me drove me mad, and after a while when it wouldn't stop, I decided that as soon as my phone came in the mail (mine had broken and an insurance replacement was on the way) I would call the Grafton County Police Department and see what materials I needed to bring them if I managed to find a way over so that I could file for a restraining order. They told me that I'd need to provide documentation that showed I had explicitly communicated to the individual that I was filing the order against that they were not to communicate with me or my family, and that they subsequently violated that request.

It was beyond unintelligent for me to think this would make it a good idea to send the email I did, but I think I understand what brought me to it. I was just general anxious and paranoid this entire term, and it made it incredibly hard for me to memorize information. I attended every class aside from the two periods I missed (the day after I'd spent the night in jail, and was not able to get back in time to attend), and tried to the absolute best of my capabilities to get the best grades I was capable of (I thought if I got a really high GPA in my last few terms, it might help my try and overcome my current one when I went to apply for jobs), but simply was not capable of retaining as much testable information as I normally could no matter how much time and effort I put in (my grades this term were largely determined by tests on names, dates, and vocab terms from different historical periods, and in-class participation and discussion). I was also taking what I thought was a much less rigorous class schedule than I'd typically enroll in, but despite all this I got even worse grades than usual. I can see how I was stupid enough to think sending the email might offer me some protection, but please understand that this action that me and the people I was able to get any information or help from this process all came to the conclusion my Judicial Affairs hearing would be about, and that these were the events I thought that I needed to explain.

The school had been given all the information that my conviction was based off of more than a month before I was arrested, and I had a meeting with dean Clemens after that time, but was not told I had to go through any sort of disciplinary hearing for the school until just after the time of my arrest, with allegations very specifically alleging that THESE ACTIONS WHICH I PERPETRATED ON OR ABOUT MAY 4TH 2017, AND DURING THE SPRING TERM OF 2017 (WHICH IS A PERIOD WITH A VERY WELL DEFINED BEGINNING AND END – FROM MARCH 28TH THROUGH JUNE 8TH – AND DOES NOT ENCOMPASS THE PERIOD OF TIME DURING WHICH I DID THE THINGS I WAS EXPELLED FOR) ARE THE ACTIONS WHICH EVERY ADVISOR I WAS CAPABLE OF GETTING HELP FROM AND I WERE MADE TO BELIEVE I HAD BEEN ACCUSED OF VIOLATING DARTMOUTH'S COMMUNITY STANDARDS FOR COMMITTING.

In other words, the school knew I had done all the things which the COS committee eventually considered when they made their decision to expel me, but did not accuse me of misconduct in the month after they'd been given the information. PLEASE UNDERSTAND HOW IT WAS MORE REASONABLE FOR ME TO BELIEVE THAT THIS TRIAL WOULD BE ABOUT THE ACTIONS I'D BEEN ASKED TO ATTEND THE HEARING RIGHT AFTER I COMMITTED, NOT THE THINGS I'D DONE A MONTH PRIOR AND ALREADY SPOKEN WITH THE SCHOOL WITH AND NOT BEEN ASKED TO ATTEND A JUDICIAL HEARING FOR HAVING COMMITTED. THIS IS ESPECIALLY TRUE GIVEN THE VERY SPECIFIC LANGUAGE AND PHRASING USED BY WHOEVER WROTE THE ALLEGATIONS I WAS PROVIDED, WHICH I HONESTLY CANNOT IMAGINE ANOTHER REASON A PERSON MIGHT'VE USED IN THEM, OTHER THAN TO IMPART THE SAME INFORMATION ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE ALLEGATIONS THAT'D BEEN RAISED AGAINST ME WHICH I MISTOOK THEM TO IMPLY.

To this day, I have a criminal arrest on my record, will almost certainly have to take out student loans to pay for tuition when I'm not able to graduate on time, am overcome with anxiety whenever I hear or see an S&S or police office walking around in my building, am humiliated every time I see someone at home (a friend from our high school class who also goes to Dartmouth, and was at home on Mercer Island for the summer, said REDA couldn't stop talking about how funny it was that I got arrested, and how badly she destroyed me; another friend of mine at Berkeley who I saw over the summer, and one of the few people I knew in high school that she didn't, said he heard she "got me pretty good" from another person I hardly even knew).

I guess what drove me insane in the first place was just that when I was so hurt, REDA, the only other person in the world that I thought could really understand what we'd been and what this was really like for me, wouldn't acknowledge that she had been worse to me in the end than she was worse to me in the end than either of us could've possibly imagined she'd be after everything we shared, and then when I eventually snapped a few weeks after we'd broken up when my pain and frustration turned into anger and I started to believe the only way I could stop her from hurting me anymore was to force her to understand how her actions made me feel with each thing she did to me from this point on by doing something to evoke the same emotions in her, that she could think I was so wrong for feeling that way I deserved to lose the money she'd said she would pay me.

Imagine if you'd done something in the darkest moment of your entire life, when it felt like the four people that cared about you most in your life started secretly colluding against you and lying about it to your face, and it made you so desperate to find some way to show them you'd hold them accountable for breaking your trust that you did the most unspeakable thing you've done in your entire life. But then afterwards they punish you for it times over, and the one institution you'd been tricked into believing might actually care about you too much to not only do the same, but by taking everything in your life away from you. Before high school, these kinds of situations – where you feel betrayed by people who'd convinced you to trust them, or where the way you'd not only make the best of the situation for yourself, but also get a more righteous justice than you could ever attain by lashing back out at them, by simply being the bigger man and making them live the rest of their lives with the memory of how wrong they were, and the inability to feel sure about how good of a person they really can be if they were able to do whatever they did at some point, the insecurity I feel about myself whenever I remember what I did during the winter – were the ones I was worst at dealing with. But I think from learning the hard way in enough situations, it eventually became one of the strongest parts of me. My friends here always come to me for advice for what to do in situations that're too emotional for them to handle themselves: my best bud calls me his "social strategy consultant." One of the main nicknames REDA used to call my was "Spock," because she always said I was able to think more rationally than anyone she knew throughout emotional situations. I promise you this wasn't who I am. I feel the same depression and desire not to wake up in the morning now that I did back then, but while every waking thought of every second of my day is focused on this, I've at least been able to use this anxiety and desperate feeling of needing to make things right to give me enough energy to fight through the fog and type this for you in hopes this all really shouldn't have happened this way, and then when you know everything you might come to realize that and save me. But I'm already so fearful of what the day will be like after I turn this in, and am filled with that same constant, desperate feeling I need to do something to stop this, but without any way to act on that urge and do something that might possible help make it right. I've told my friends this before, but over winter break something I realized is that situations like these, where something so important to me in my life has gone awry, but I'm forced to sit at home with no way to act and stop the situation honestly, are the most unbearable for me to endure.

I know renowned sexual offender and textbook sociopath who finally did something crazy enough his own frat house didn't have a choice but to kick him out anymore, but he still gets to walk this campus every day, and return to his job after he graduates in the spring, and had good enough lawyers that the COS committee wasn't able to get him in any trouble at all after he fucking raped a girl whose had to avoid certain parts of campus for years just to escape the horrific memories her mind goes back through whenever she sees him. Meanwhile, despite having been humiliated times over for what I'd done before this trial even happened, directly and indirectly threatened by the people who'd originally raised the accusations of misconduct against me to the school, and mocked by in conversation with everyone I knew before I came to school here to make sure they isolated and ruined as many of the relationships I used to have as possible for what I did to them during the winter, I still deserve for the rest of the happiest memories from life from my time here at school to be turned into the most painful and salient ones in my mind, and to not only lose the thing that represents everything I've worked for in my entire life, but also have it taken from me in such a way that'll leave my academic record from college ruined for the rest of my life – something the court system wouldn't (and didn't) spend a second of time trying to get me for in a case like this where a guilty finding would necessarily require the jury suspend their presumption of innocence for the defendant and simply imagine what they think probably happened based on whatever unverified statements they'd been provided in advance of the hearing, and whatever the random assortment of people on the judiciary committee interpret the answer which the defendant provides in questioning to mean. I cannot believe that my own school was so willingly accept whatever narrative the people I'd been telling them were harassing me for months told them. If I turned on one of my friends here, they retaliated, and I submitted evidence they'd said immoral or incriminating things in the past, for the sole, avowed purpose of causing you pain by putting you under the scrutiny of a court system that is notorious for dealing incredible punishments based on limited or incomplete evidence, would the school as willingly and unconditionally believe my narrative and carry out my will the way that they did for RED? Am I living through the vicious, arbitrary, and anti-male college judiciary system I'd been told about by the media and other people, but I'd been too stupid to believe might be more than a dramatized rumor until now?

There is a girl at this school who dated a friend of mine, and then stalked him for months after they broke up, calling him every single day and repeatedly threatening to kill herself if he didn't come back to her. Instead of expelling her for coercion, the school just put up a restraining order between them, and understood she might've been going through the hardest time of her life, and done something that didn't reflect her true character at all.

That didn't stop her from trying to coerce him into being with her. She telling her friends she was going to kill herself to make him feel like the only way he could save her life was by doing something. He emailed her mom to tell her what was happening, and she gave chilling responses that genuinely disturbed him, and made him tell me he felt like he did understand why she might kill herself now – because even her own parents did care about her. They only live a few hours driving form campus, and only said they'd come up in a few days when they had time after he'd written her that he thought her daughter might kill herself that night.

Later, it turned out she had actually planted a fake contact with him months before, and was posing as her own mother and writing the emails to try and manipulate him. He's genuinely scarred, and feels like he won't be able to shake the lingering feeling that whenever he's in a situation with someone like her that he feels like he needs to help, that they might secretly be faking their condition to manipulate him. But the school gives her 1-year medical leave for her violation of a restraining order, and expels me for mine? Is regret measured by nothing other than the perception that the random people of the committee have of the defendant based on their facial expressions and what they say during the trial? Is it not extraordinarily obvious that in any trial concerning an overly complicated situation that a committee would have to invest far more time than the judges in a COS hearing set aside to understand, or where the person is actually psychotic and manipulative, that taking this

If the school is so willing to allow the volition of the person submitting a complain about a student to cause them suffering and hardship, rather than the severity of the student's misconduct, determine how severe of a punishment they receive? Is it really fucking imaginable that this isn't, black-and-white, a more malicious, persistent, and remorseless act in violation of Standard of Conduct II than what I did during those few days in March would be considered? Why does the school keep trying so hard to help her after she's already explicitly refused their help and repeated her behavior post-interventions and warnings, but no matter how many times I've come begging for help, in the end, I guess nobody ever did try to understand or care.

The thing that scares me the most is that no matter how hard my closest couple of friends and I try to think of something I might be able to trick myself into believing so that I'll be able to stop myself from taking a half gal and a pack of Newports out to the lookout behind my house and just taking them in until my head gets warm and dizzy enough where that I'll be able to just stand by the edge and eventually fall off on my own, and numb enough that I won't have to feel the trees hit me on the way down, there are no other solutions left to escaping this life of humiliation and trying to forget the things that used to be dearest to me, but which the memories of make so depressed I want to curl up and die, or hit myself in the face so that the lesser physical pain will stop the torturous thoughts in my mind. I could try, and probably fail, to jeopardize the safety of my fraternity, and the happiness of all these people in it who I love, by doing thing the o writing something like Andrew Lohse's book, but I don't think that life could be worth living either, and I couldn't justify exposing them to the risk of losing one of the things that're still valuable to them in their lives so I could do something that'd give me a one-in-a-million shot at making mine worth living again someday.

I don't know if you're aware of this at all, but almost every male student I've met at this school, and literally 100% of the people in the two fraternities I know every member of like to recreationally use nitrous oxide to get high. I've seen more 40+-year-old Alumni at a fraternity that I have a lot of old, close friends at doing them for hours over

Green Key. The kid who got one of (if not the actual) most prestigious academic award this school gives undergraduates famously consumed over $1000 of them by himself over last Green Key. One of my friends brought me an entire box of them as a gift yesterday to try and help me relax enough to eat or sleep. When I did them, even at my most euphoric and delirious state, my mind was somehow able to distract me from whatever I was doing and bring my thoughts back to this. In a state where it is supposed to be impossible to focus your mind on something no matter how hard you try, I suddenly can't stop thinking about the single thing which I'd do anything in the world to just forget about for a second. It was more eye-opening than i can articulate to you, the experience of having that same exact, overwhelming sensation of drug-laden euphoria, but without any actual substance or real thing to hold onto in my life that gives me a real, conscious, rational reason to be happy anymore. Even if I try to force a fake happiness upon myself, there is no way I'll ever be able to experience that genuine sensation of human happiness you get from accomplishing things or believing that anyone will ever give a shit about, let alone care about who you really are no matter how much you do to become a better person. If this decision isn't, or shouldn't be fixed, I don't understand how I'll be able to stop my fucked up head from torturing me for the rest of my life over it, what I did to earn it, and the events and circumstances I committed those actions in. I know nobody really seems to care, and this doesn't serve as an excuse for any behavior, but this truly was the darkest moment of the 21 years I've been alive, and the most fucked up shit I've done in my time on earth.

My dad lost everything with his real estate business in 2008. We were always at least comfortable and happy before then, and I hadn't ever thought about it before now as I write this, but I guess when we lost everything and the bank came to take the new house and cars he'd earned from working harder than I've ever witnessed anyone do before in my entire life, and then just lost it all no matter how hard he tried. I can't go through this life haunted by the thought that like him, I'll just be a shell of the person I would've been if this hadn't happened. And I can't think of anything that could make the pain of losing everything in your life more painful than having it taken away for a reason like this – one you'll never be able to trick yourself you've got a hope of ever forgetting.

I don't know if anyone at this school cares about providing its students with equal rights, protects, or opportunities in any way it can't advertise on a brochure, but I think the people at this school's judicial affairs department would be well served if they took the time to read this and try to understand how the system they've put in place very clearly and systematically deals harsher outcomes to poorer students who're put through than it does to wealthy ones, regardless of their crimes or guilt. That is to say, without reference to my own case, this system is set up in such a way that a poor students who are not actually guilty of misconduct, but come under the scrutiny of the Judicial Affairs system by chance, are exposed to a substantially greater risk of being wrongly punished, and must invest far more time and effort to defend and represent themselves than wealthier students who find themselves in the same situation, but whose parents can actually provide them any sort of assistance or pay for a lawyer to help them with the process. Do you have any idea how impossible it is to defend yourself for a hearing in a court with made up rules you can't look up? Or figure out what you're supposed to say, or write your own statements because you can't pay a lawyer to help you with them. The people who work at this place like to say that the Judicial Affairs hearing isn't like a court trial because its rules and procedures are designed to get the outcomes the Dartmouth Community wants to uphold, which are different form the ones our nation's legal system are meant to uphold. If that is true, then why does the school seem to think that it's acceptable to allow the sole factor which determines the quality of assistance and instruction that a student receives during, and in advance of a hearing, be the amount of money their parents CAN PROVIDE them for these purposes.

If I'm ever going to be a student here again, it would be so good for me to just be able to stay here and do productive things and try and heal. If there's any way I could just be allowed to walk on campus so I can just see people and feel mentally healthy enough to heal, and not be isolated at home with nobody to talk to, and nothing on my mind other than how easily RED was able to take everything in my life away form me, and take away the best memories and opportunities of my entire life away. I can't tell you how much this will change me for the worse. I'd spent so much more time reflecting on all of this. By this point, the only thing that could become of me from being at home with nobody to talk to or anything to help my mind escape the thoughts of everything that has become of this now would be the memories of it all, and the damage and pain they cause me to become more permanent.

Ø LINE-BY-LINE RESPONSE TO THE JUDICIAL AFFAIRS COMMITTEE'S FINDING REPORT

EACH SECTION IN RED IS COMMENTARY ON THE SECTION OF TEXT FROM THE JUDICIAL AFFAIRS COMMITTEE'S FINDING REPORT WHICH PRECEDE. COMMENTARY IS PRIMARILY FOCUSED ON SECTIONS OF THE ORIGINAL REPORTS WHICH ARE IN BOLD FONT.

COS 17F#3 - September 21, 2017 Casenote

Student: Mark I. Anderson '18

Finding: Responsible for violating Standard II; no finding regarding violation of Standard VI Sanction: Separation, effective immediately

The student was charged with violating Standard of Conduct VI when he reportedly "violated local, state or federal law by not observing the conditions of a restraining order on or about May 4, 2017." He was also charged with violating '**Standard of Conduct II through repeated behavior or conduct targeted at an individual."**

The student denied both allegations, and his case was heard by the Committee on Standards.

I HAVE PASTED A COPY OF BOTH OF THE ALLEGATOINS I WAS GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY TO "ADMIT" OR "DENY" BEFORE THE TRIAL. PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT WHILE THE (2ND) ALLEGATION WHICH THE COMMITTEE DID NOT FIND ME GUILTY OF IS DESCRIBED IN A WAY THAT INCLUDES ENCOMPASSES ALL THE INFORMATION FROM THE CORRESPONDING ALLEGATION I WAS SHOWN (MOST IMPORTANTLY, THE DATES WHICH I WAS TOLD THE ACTIONS I'D COMMITTED DURING WERE THE BASIS FOR THESE ALLEGATIONS BEING RAISED AGAINST ME).

HOWEVER, THE FIRST ALLEGATION, WHICH THEY DID FIND ME GUILTY OF AND EXPELLED ME FOR, IS NOT RECREATED HERE IN THE SAME WAY THAT THE 2ND ALLEGATION IS. RATHER, ANOTHER ALLEGATION WHICH IS SIMILAR TO THE FIRST ONE I'D BEEN CHARGED WITH IN ADVANCE OF THE HEARING, BUT WHICH WAS REWRITTEN WITH SPECIFIC DETAILS FROM THE ORIGINAL OMITTED THAT SUBSTANTIALLY ALTERED THE SUBSTANCE OF THE ALLEGATION.

SIMPLY PUT, THE ONLY WAY IT'D BE PROCEDURALLY POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO EXPELL ME FOR MISCONDUCT ON ACCOUNT OF THE THINGS I DID IN THE WINTER WERE FOR THE COMMITTEE TO EITHER (1) HOLD ANOTHER TRIAL WHERE I'D HAVE TO EXPLAIN THESE OTHER ACTIONS WHICH WERE VERY CLEARLY NOT WITHIN THE PARAMATERS OF WHAT THEY TOLD ME WAS TO BE CONSIDERED, OR (2) JUST CHANGE THE WORDING AROUND A LITTLE BIT ON THE ALLEGATION THEY DECIDED TO CHARGE ME WITH PART-WAY THROUGH THE HEARING SO IT MAKES SENSE, JUSTIFY DOING THIS BY SOME CITING SOME OTHER DECISION THIS CLOWN COMMITTEE CAME TO IN THE PAST WHERE IT APPLIED SOME METHOD OF ADJUDICATION THAT COULD LOOSELY BE INTERPRETED AS SIMILAR ENOUGH TO THE ONE THEY MUST'VE EMPLOYED HERE TO JUTIFY DOING IT, AND THEN JUST PUT HIM DOWN TO MAKE SURE NOBODY'LL BE TOO BUSY AT THE OFFICE NEXT WEEK DEALING WITH PAPERWORK THAT'D NEED TO BE COMPLETED TO FIT HIS HEARING INTO THE SCHEDULE WHICH IS BOOKED FOR WEEKS OUT.

IF YOU CONFIRM THAT THIS IS REALLY HOW THIS COURT IS INTENDED TO OPERATE, I COULD GO OUT TOMORROW AND THREATENED EVERY STUDENT I HAVE DIRT ON FOR WHATEVER I WANT IN A WAY THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO PROVE, AND THEN SUBMIT A COMPLAINT TO THE SCHOOL ALLEGEING THEY'D DONE SOMETHING THEY HADN'T, BUT ALSO INCLUDE EVIDENCE PROVING THEY'D ENGAGED IN A MYRAID OF REPRIMANDABLE ACTIVITIES UNRELATED TO THE SUPERFICIAL ACCUSATION THEY'D MADE IN THEIR COMPLAINT, THAT THE SCHOOL WOULD SO READILY CARRY OUT MY WISHES BY GETTING THEM ON THOSE THINGS IN THIS VERY, EXACT, SAME MANNER – WITHOUT LETTING THEM KNOW THEY WERE BEING CHARGED WITH ALL THE POTENTIAL THINGS THE EVIDENCE COULD POTENTIALLY SUGGEST THEY'D DONE, RATHER THAN THE ACTIONS THAT WERE DESCRIBED IN THE VERY, VERY SPECIFICALLY WORDED ALLEGATIONS WHICH I WAS PROVIDED, AND GIVEN A CHANCE TO RESPOND TO, AND PREPARE AND PARTICIPATE IN A HEARING ABOUT.

This student's former girlfriend, a student at [redacted], obtained a restraining order in late March, 2017 following her report to [redacted] Police about the Dartmouth student's behavior following the breakup of their relationship earlier in the year. At about the same time, Dartmouth Security received a call from the woman's mother detailing the family's concerns about the Dartmouth student's behavior and asking for assistance.

DO YOU NOT SEE HOW, GIVEN THAT I DID NOT CONTACT ANYONE IN THEIR FAMILY IN ANY WAY AFTER MARCH 13TH, ASIDE TO REITERATE MY REQUEST FOR PRIVACY WHEN THEY STARTED CALLING MY PARENTS AND LYING TO THEM AGAIN ON THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING TERM, SHOULD MAKE IT PRETTY UNAMBIGUIOUS TO SOMEONE WHO'S TOTALLY UNFAMILIAR WITH THE PEOPLE INVOLVED IN THE SITUATION, THAT [redacted] MADE THESE CALLS TO THE SCHOOL TO MAKE DUE ON HER THREATS TO GET ME BACK FOR WHAT I'D DONE BEFORE, NOT BECAUSE I'D DONE ANYTHING TO MAKE THEM FEEL UNSAFE.

Shortly thereafter, Dartmouth Security and Hanover Police met with the charged student to deliver a restraining order issued by [redacted] police. In early May, Dartmouth Security and Hanover Police were informed that this student had violated the terms of the restraining order by sending the woman an email. The student was arrested by Hanover Police.

The [redacted] student reported that the Dartmouth student had **"said that the only thing he wanted to do more than end his own life was to end my life or that of my mother's."**

Again, this is what I wrote them minutes after my dad had beat the shit out of me in our parking lot until I started screaming "SOMEONE HELP ME, MY DAD IS ABUSING ME" as loudly as I could until he sort of woke up and stopped or something. I limped into the forest crying, typed this, and tried to kill myself for the first time in my life. I didn't ever really believe what'd happened might be irreparable, or that I might not feel please in my life again with the mere passage of time, so I never actually contemplated doing something to end my own life until that point, but when the pain was severe enough in that moment, without even thinking about it I just started running as fast as I could at the ledge, and stopping as late as I could, hoping I'd accidentally go too far and slip down onto the concrete highway below. The sensation that made my body move was the same one that makes you want to hit your leg or slap your face when your emotions become too much to bear, but instead of putting my body into auto-pilot and making me do those things, I just started running back and forth like this instead. After some time, I remember waking-up as I looked over the cliff to run at it one more time, and realizing I'd just tried to take my own life in that moment where I was totally unable to control my thoughts or body. I'm not saying this justifies telling whoever it's most psychologically comfortable for you to blame for the entire situation that you wish you could end you own life as well as their own, I'm just trying to communicate to you that this was really the darkest, most painful moment of my entire life before now, and the messages you're seeing are the most fucked-up thing I have, and will ever say to anyone in my entire life. This isn't a reflection of who I am on a daily basis. This isn't even a reflection of how I'd possibly behave in any other breakup situation, no matter wronged I felt in the end.

Furthermore, for them to have initially brought this to light by presenting my emails to the police and school to convince them I posed a threat when this was clearly not the case, and then for me to explain that to the COS committee, only for them to unconditionally believe the words of the two individuals who you could plainly see were providing intentionally misleading descriptions of my behavior by checking all of the statements provided on page 10 of the COS hearing packet to the emails they're based on to see that, although upon a loose examination they seem to support her allegations, if you look closely enough, it is clear that minor details and facts have been altered in such a way that cause them to support the narrative I was posing an active threat that needed to be stopped for the sake of their safety, rather than that I'd threatened them for money that they'd already given me a month prior.

She provided a series of emails from the charged student, replete with obscenities and slurs, sent after she had told him to stop contacting her.

Please understand how the only unsolicited contact I made with the REDACT's was after I'd said I didn't want to meet up with REDA anyone, but she still hadn't given me an explanation for why she didn't it'd be immoral for me to not compensate me for those things anymore, and so I eventually delivered threats I had no intention of ever acting on to try and do something to make her feel like she had to.

After this point, I only reached out to REDA and RED at the start of the Spring term when RE started calling my mom and dad again, when REDA unblocked me phone number and started communicating with me to arrange for a phone call shortly after, and then finally, when I sent the email to them that amounted in my arrest.

This wasn't a long or repeated pattern of harassment on my behalf. I only contacted them again in the spring after my parents starts calling me for hours crying, and begging me to tormenting with the people I'd only been desperately trying to forget, for the purpose of trying to get them to promise me they'd stop, and while they'd explicitly accepted, encouraged, and reciprocated to the communication.

The Dartmouth student wrote he would do "whatever I can to hurt you as least a fraction as much as you hurt me." He wrote things like**, "I hope life brings you nothing but pain and suffering," and "This is only going to be worse if you try and have your mom deal with it. Kill yourself you spineless fuck." He insisted on repayment for expenditures during their relationship and stated that "if you take your time I'll make sure you regret it."**

I have so few words to describe the way it feels to know that months of me going to the school and saying I'd been trying to get these people out of my lives, and that they were harassing me and seemed to be providing misleading narratives to the police to convince them they ought to come meet with and monitor me, in order to hold true on threats to get me back for things I'd done to them in a personal feud that ensued after we broke up during the winter term, that they would could just take a segment from the report I'd told them was fabricated, and paste it in this report which details what they decided was so unquestionably true they'd expel me for them. I don't understand how they could justify copy and pasting this as an explanation if they'd actually considered what I said. Although Dean Hudak did warn me to think about what I might do if I did ended up getting suspended the day before the Judicial Affairs hearing, she said it was because it was always important to "hope for the best, but prepare for the worst." I internalized that I might get a suspension as a result of this trial at that point (I'd honestly been trying to deny anything else might come of this relationship so I wouldn't be so stressed out by the thought of this looming trial that it'd be impossible for me to perform in my classes, or produce high-quality application material for the fall recruiting cycle. I thought the potential punishments in consideration were so severe because of how egregious of a violation of the community standards of conduct my actions could potentially be based on the crimes I was arrested for committing. It was being alleged that I'd harassed my ex-girlfriend in defiance of a restraining order over a duration of months, and arrested for this reason, so it made sense that the worst punishments I could receive for those actions would be incredibly severe. I did not think it was imaginable the school would use materials which it previously had for a month and not asked me to attend a hearing on behalf of, but then were brought to light later in a trial where a different set of actions I'd performed, and in which the allegations against were worded in a specific way that could ONLY be interpreted to mean that my actions which they'd known about for months without asking me to undergo a judicial hearing for, that I'd constantly told all the school representatives and police officials I've had to talk with about this over the last 7 months since I sent the email and [redacted] started holding true on her promise to make me pay.

Can you please try and understand how when I received multiple police reports saying the [redacted]'s needed protection from me because I was threatening them for money they'd actually already given me, it became very impossible for me to believe they might actually be scared and doing this out of self-defense, and not making true on the promise to make me suffer.

If you also think I'm just some psychopath whose coming up with lies to get out of trouble after he got caught harassing and coercing his ex-girlfriend despite her begging me to stop contacting her the way the committee did, please, please just go back and look at both of the explanations each of us provided as to what happened, and compare each of them to the emails (which are a record of nearly every exchange we have February 22nd when we broke up) and just look one more time and make sure you really think what I've said here might not be true.

He called her a "fucking pathetic disgraceful piece of shit." He threatened to post on social media things that would be "just too fucked up and hurtful for you to believe..." He insisted the woman comply with his demands "because the alternative is worse for everyone." He called her a "heartless cunt" and threatened to "post your nudes on reddit every day until they finally reach the front page." The charged student also sent distressing messages to the woman's family members (mother, brother, cousin, aunt). He wrote to his former girlfriend's mother, stating that if she contacted his mother he would "do something equally immature to make you regret it." He also wrote to her mother that "It's clear to me why some many people in your family kill themselves now.

The charged student did not provide a written statement or any other materials in advance of the hearing.

Once more, these are all things my advisors and I did not believe I was being accused of misconduct for committing, solely because the information which the school had provided very specifically said so. Consequentially, I dedicated seconds of my opening statement at the hearing to summarizing all of the information included in the first portion of this letter, which is at least necessary to truly understand them in full, and which I should've been given a chance to show before this was done to me, so that I could at least know my life is over now for certain instead of potentially waiting here, more depressed and unable to simply stop feeling this psychological and physiological pain throughout me ever second I'm awake.

My public defendant, George Ostler, who helped me with the court case I had regarding things that'd occurred during the Spring term, told me not to worry about this Judicial Affairs hearing based on the results of my court trial and the information I'd provided him, so I was going about my normal life up until this hearing – attending classes and applying for jobs I was going to work next fall. In advance of the trial, the thing he told me I had to worry about in all this was that if [redacted] and [redacted] hated me enough to come up to the trial and actually try and have me convicted of a crime for sending them the email I wrote on May 4th, they might well be able to achieve this. I was juggling this with a very complicated financial aid problem as well, and managed to oversee the deadline that I had to submit materials I wanted the committee to see by. As soon as I realized my mistake, I asked if I could submit what I'd written so far, but they said I could not, and would just have to provide any information I wanted them to know in my opening statement. This is why I did not submit a statement in advance of my hearing.

Additionally, since the time of the hearing, it has taken me every waking hour of over 10 days for me to write this entire statement. Since two days after I had the state court hearing regarding incidents from the spring, I was gone at work from 6:30 am – 7:00 pm every workday over the summer, until I came back to school two days before the fall term began, at which point I became equally busy with school, extracurriculars, and fall recruiting. If everyone you'd been able to get help from with this process told you it was alleged my activity in the spring was a community standard violation, and that didn't require the vast majority of this letter, do you think there's any chance you also wouldn't have also write out all these things which you'd been told were unnecessary?

At the hearing, he said that his former girlfriend had created a "misleading narrative" that was presented "in retaliation" **following a bad break-up, and that his messages should be construed as a justified response to her harassment of him and his family.**

He said that the messages from him in the packet were out of chronological order and without context. **He acknowledged that some actions on his part could be interpreted as malicious, but he stated his view that they were "protected by free speech."**

Again, I was trying to ensure them I'd done nothing in violation of the law, which'd be in violation of Standard IV, so I told them the things I did were really fucked up to help them make sense of the whole story, but also wanted to reassure them they were not illegal. They got law enforcement involved as quickly as possible after I sent the first threatening email, and when the police came to my apartment, they said what I'd written alone wasn't enough for them to be able to even force me to talk with them against their will, but I was very compliant with them nonetheless after that (letting them look through my phone and just explaining the situation) and by the end they came to agree

There are two sets of events in this whole affair: those which occurred during the winter term, and those which transpired in the spring. In the winter, I was the one trying to hurt them; but in the spring, I was the victim in the affair, and [redacted] tortured and made to pay more dearly for my transgressions than I could've ever imagined is possible, just like she said she would.

This statement by the committee really illustrates what I think went wrong, and what I urge you to understand did detriment my ability to prepare for, and even participate in the Judicial Affairs hearing, and that there is virtually no way anyone could argue that there isn't enough of a chance that it did to justify taking everything I have in my entire life away from me without at least putting aside the few resources necessary to at least make sure they were right. The things I wrote in those emails I sent during the Winter are the worst things that I've ever expressed in my entire life, and the most evil and disturbing that have ever passed through my mind. I'd been led to believe that I wasn't being tried for misconduct during the winter term, but wanted to give a little background on the letter in the packet, and so unnecessarily (or so I thought) described in a few short sentences to them to help them make sense of what motivated [redacted] to do the things she did later on in the Spring.

The charged student brought to the hearing a copy of the text he sent, in violation of the restraining order, telling the woman to have no contact with him. He also provided a letter he had received from his lawyer about the status of his case in N.H.
The charged student insisted that it was not true that he threatened to kill his former girlfriend or her mother, as the [redacted] student reported in her complaint, although he acknowledged he might have written something to the effect that he wished she were dead.

Because the allegations I was presented with so specifically stated that it was the actions I'd perpetrated in the spring term, which I was arrested and made to go through an actual court trial for. I'm sure you can imagine that I didn't feel the desire to go through all the emails I provided in the first section of this email to try and remember exactly what happened when I'd been given very specific information which stated these actions were not the ones I'd come under the scrutiny of the Judicial Affairs court for committing.

He said the committee should view his communications to the woman as justified responses to the hurtful dynamics of their relationship. He also acknowledged, in his closing statement, that some of his behavior was "super fucked up" and that he deeply regretted some of the messages he sent. **He denied, however, that any of the threats were real, and he argued that some of the apparently threatening statements were being misconstrued.**

During deliberations, committee members observed that although the student eventually expressed some regret, they did not find his explanations or justifications for his behavior to be reasonable. They viewed the written threats as credible, and they noted that the woman had reason to feel threatened and afraid**, especially after she had been clear in her request for no further contact from him**.

> Once again, the only period of time I made malicious, unsolicited contact with the REDACT family was between March 10th and 13th of 2017, and since that time, the only direct or indirect contact I've had with anyone they'd consider family or friends were the two contacts I had with RED and REDA where I asked them to just stop torturing me and let this finally pass. They'd handed me the money without explanation shortly after we stopped contacting each other, in March, so there was nothing left on the table they had any reason to worry I might try and get them back for at all, and so the only way they could convince the school and authorities that I was still posing an active threat that they needed protection from was to take those threats and make it seem like they were representative of how I was acting a month later when the opposite was true

They noted that he continued to harass her and that his explicit and implied threats, which seemed real and frightening, escalated. Committee members noted that his behavior violated Standard II in "multiple ways." One committee member described the behavior as "a textbook example of coercion."

> I don't know what else I can do to affirm the negative assertion that I did not do this for more than two days in the spring, and willingly ceased the day after I was confronted by a police officer about it, and at a time I thought, and had accepted that I was simply not going to receive the money I had threatened them for. If you simply do not believe what I'm saying is true and my punishment is for that, if there is absolutely any evidence I could provide you, or anything I could do at all to affirm that what I'm saying is true, but which I haven't thought of, or had the time to include as I've written this letter, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE TAKE THE TIME TO ASK ME ABOUT IT, OR REQUEST I PROVIDE IT FOR YOU BEFORE YOU MAKE THE FINAL JUDGEMENT ON THIS DECISION. I know you're probably tired or reading every iteration of this I've written in this letter, and that it wasn't necessary for me to even tell you in the first place given the ruling, but this is everything I have in life that they decided I deserved to be taken away, so please make sure it was a justified one.

The Committee found the student responsible for violating Standard ll. The reached no finding concerning the violation of Standard VI in the absence of a court finding.

In reaching its decision to separate the student, Committee members acknowledged that he appeared to be experiencing a great deal of distress, but they were especially concerned about his apparent inability to take responsibility for his actions and his lack of awareness of the significance of his actions and their impact on others. **They concluded that the student's well documented and repeated behavior was a clear and egregious violation of Standard II and incompatible with his continued status as a Dartmouth student.**

> Because of the procedural error that occurred in this case, I truly believe they did not have all the information necessary to make this judgement about me with certainty. I hope this letter was coherent enough to convey it all to you so that you may now after reading it. If you really just read and tried to understand this, than you've done all that I'm asking , and could possibly deserve from you here.

Daniel M. Nelson, Director
Dartmouth Outdoor Programs

Ø Photo Copy of my opening statement from the COS hearing

As you can see in the last note I made to myself at the top of the packet based on my meeting with my advisor Anne Hudak the day before was to focus on explaining the actions that happened **"***During that term**" and as little else as I had to while still giving the committee enough information to make sense of the very specific set of actions they'd alleged were misconduct. This is the only person in the entire world the school gave me access to for help with understanding the JA hearing process.**

- Get there by 2
- Things I wrote in emails that weren't nice – need to know why I said them.
- ***Thank you for being here and listing to my account of what actually happened: ***
- Will make closing statement at the end as well.
- Need to explain any information that might help the committee understand why I said anything
- ***During that term***

I should preface this by saying this this is the most traumatic thing I've gone through, so I apologize in advance if I ramble, am incoherent in any way, or forget to provide any background info that is important to the discussion, please just interrupt me at any time, let me know exactly what I was unclear about or failed to provide, and I'll make sure to clarify as well as I can.

Overall, this was a thinly veiled attempt to get back at me for some retaliatory personal affronts I made during a short personal feud we had after our breakup.

The accounts provided are a very small, misrepresentative fraction of the events that transpired and messages that were exchanged from sometime mid/late February through March 14th, and then between March 27th, and misconstrue their chronology and relation to one another in order to form a misleading narrative that would be sufficiently condemning to convince my parents, school, and the authorities to retaliate against me in ways that'd cause me to endure hardships such as being arrested and going through this Judicial Affairs process. Presumably, this was done to get back for the previously mentioned retaliatory personal affronts I made during a short personal feud we had after our breakup.

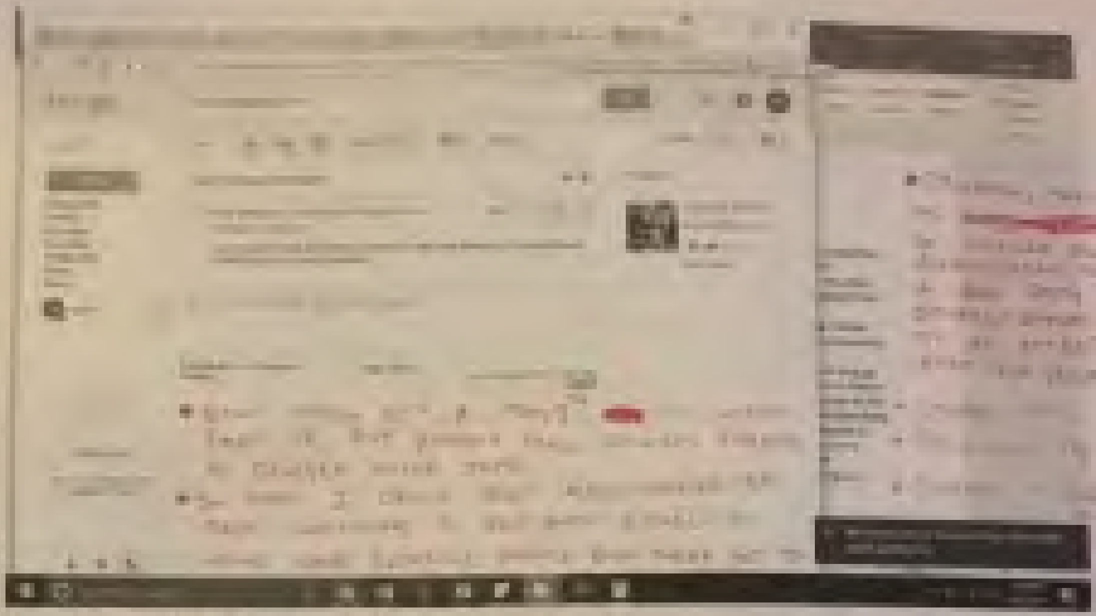
For reasons I'd more than happily describe if you'd like to know, but that I'll exclude under the presumption you won't, many of the text/facebook messages we exchanged are not immediately available to me, but may be reclaimable by certain means. If at any point you believe its crucial to see any sort of documentation that might exist to verify my account of what actually happened in this situation, just take note of it and ask me about it afterwards and I'll tell you if I might be able to immediately access it, or track it down for you. However, most of what I'm saying can be affirmed by looking closely at information already contained in the file – as I'll show later when I go through the individual articles within it.

The narrative from the letter is presented in such a way that makes it appear as though I'd made any sort of contact with the REDAC family in the weeks before I'd arrived at school (between March 14th and March 27th), when in reality I had not spoken with them or done anything publicly or privately that could conceivably be interpreted as having any impact on their lives, and also transmitted a request they not speak with anyone in my family.

- REDACTED and I broke up in January after having dated for 4½ years or so. The breakup was very severe and traumatic for both of us (for me, because of the reasons I describe in the email on page 23, and for her [according to her mother when we spoke/exchanged messages at some high school in the last year, a lot of which happened while I was in [illegible], and after [illegible] brought me that trouble. I explained this to [illegible] at some point but she told me to "back off" because my mom and her had become very [illegible] over the years and according to her, she had the right to maintain that relationship even though. My mom moved here from Ethiopia when she was 22, and is very culturally different than the people who're participating in the affair and does not understand what is going on or what to do when her former close friend [illegible] calls her on the phone and tells her these lies about me.

- At this point my only goal was to do something that would stop her from continuing to call my parents and do this, and only wanted to "get involved" in this again by the minimum amount necessary to ensure that.
- → When I attempted to get a restraining order, I was told I'd have to drive to the Grafton Valley District Court, which was an unmanageable distance for me to travel.
- For this reason, I decided that I would try to make sure [redacted] was aware of what I was going to have to do if they continued (since her mom was not interested in hearing it, and she was not getting any of my messages/contacts at this point, just forwarding them to her mom). This was the purpose of the phone call I asked to have so that I could make sure they knew the severity of what they were doing, which I assumed would cause [redacted] to instruct her mom to stop. They readily agreed to this, and she sent me a time she wanted to call at well in advance. Then before this time, she randomly called me while I was studying in Baker. I left to take the call, but then when I got somewhere private she didn't pick up the call and texted me that she wasn't going to take it anymore.
- I really didn't want to go to Grafton Valley District Court to get a restraining order, so I tried one more time, emailing them to arrange for what I'd previously described, saying it'd be easier for everyone this way, that it was still my preferred method of resolution, and that I'd be available until 9 to take the call (after which point I would no longer be studying in private).
- Using the things I'd done/sent during the two days in March and contorting them as I've described, they were able to obtain a restraining order for me doing this.
- Afterwards when they continued to torment me by lying to my family, and repeatedly sending S&S/the police to my dorm, I decided it would be worthwhile pursuing a restraining order for whatever safety it would provide me.
- I called the police and asked what documentation I'd need before going down there – they said I needed evidence I'd specifically asked they not contact me or my family and that they continued to do so. I had lost my phone, and no longer had record of when I'd done this, which is why I sent the following email so that I'd be able to pursue a restraining order when/if they contacted my parents again

[illegible] [redacted] [illegible]
[illegible]



- I was then arrested for sending this email

Allegation 1 – "I violated the Dartmouth Standard of Conduct II through repeated behavior or conduct targeted at an individual during the Spring"

This is not true. [redacted] did contact the [redacted] two times when I was on school during Spring term, in both instances. It was in response to them continuing to contact my parents against my wishes, and solely for the purpose of reiterating my request for privacy.

Allegation 2 – "I violated the Dartmouth Standard of Conduct VI when I violated local, state, or federal law by not observing the conditions of a restraining order on or about May 4, 2017.

- "NARRATIVE FOR OFFICER CHRISTOPHER E FIELDING"
  - Here, we see a myriad of instances where minor details are changed/omitted to make me seem crazy and justify the restraining order.
  - For example, look at the following two statements:
    - "stated that ANDERSON threatened to post nude photos of her online in retaliation for her making him suffer. She also stated that ANDERSON was threatening her because he believed W owed him $800.00 for a trip they took over break"
  - In reality, this is what happened. Right before we'd broken up we went on a trip to Denmark, which I'd paid for mostly. In return, she was going to pay for a trip to Canada we'd planned for when she got back from school a few weeks after we broke up. This came up immediately when we broke up and she insisted she'd repay me for half the cost of the trip to make up for it. A few weeks after this conversation transpired, for a

period of a few days she expressed to me via email she was having second thoughts on if she should pay me back the sum she'd previously suggested, or even paying me back at all. At this point, I wrote her saying I did not want to meet up with/see her again, and that she either had to either pay me the amount she'd insisted was fair before or write me a short explanation of why she no longer thought justifiably had to pay me, and said I would do "something equally disrespectful" in retaliation.

- In response, they sent the police to my house
- **Additionally, there are a few totally made up facts added to help dramatize the situation – she blocked me on all contacts right after we broke up, and I remember what I was doing that day and it wasn't "texting her over 600 times"**
- **Another, TOTALLY FICTIONAL STATEMENT:** "W was also concerned because ANDERSON was contacting her family members as well." (pg.22)

- "THIS IS A COPY OF A WRITTEN STATEMENT FOR INCIDENT 17TUM-161-OF PROVIDED BY W , [illegible] ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29th, 2017"
  - **This letter further demonstrates how they've gone to great lengths to alter minor details of this narrative to make the aggravated retaliations I made during break right after we broke up seem like I was making unsolicited contact for the purpose of harassing her**
    - "I told him that if he continued to contact me, I would no longer meet with him. He responded threatening to release nude pictures of me online unless I monetarily compensated him ($800 for various things he spent on me during our relationship), and said if I took my time responding he would make sure I would regret it."
    - "He also said that the only thing he wanted to do more than end his own life was to end my life or that of my mother's."
    - "Then, this past Monday, my aunt received a mean and emotionally distressing Facebook message from him, so my mom called his parents and he sent an email to my mom and cc'd me, saying the only reason he did it was to make me feel even a fraction of the pain I caused him, and said that "For every time I[illegible] so weak she has to contact my parents because she cannot bear to speak with me after what she's done, I promise I will do my best to ensure being weak like this for her own sake cause her to fell so much more pain than if she'd show my any respect..." He then sent a follow-up email saying I had to call him within two hours and stated: "As always, I'm asking nicely first because the alternative is worse for everyone.""
      - **Here they have quite clearly altered timeline of when I sent these messages in order to make it seem as though I was not just trying to ensure my own privacy at this point, but rather, was trying to do something to affect them. This helps them justify having made the initial contact with my family after a period of none.**

- **Page 22 – Affirms the assertions I've made about the narrative provided being a false one, as I was not anticipating being in this situation and having to verify that what I'm saying is true when I wrote it, yet the same facts and information are expressed here.**

period of a few days she expressed to me via email she was having second thoughts on if she should pay me back the sum she'd previously suggested, or even paying me back at all. At this point, I wrote her saying I did not want to meet up with/see her again, and that she either had to either pay me the amount she'd insisted was fair before, or write me a short explanation of why she no longer thought justifiably had to pay me, and said I would do "something equally disrespectful" in retaliation.

- In response, they sent the police to my house
- **Additionally, there are a few totally made up facts added to help dramatize the situation – she blocked me on all contacts right after we broke up, and I remember what I was doing that day and it wasn't "texting her over 600 times"**
- **Another, TOTALLY FICTIONAL STATEMENT:** "W was also concerned because ANDERSON was contacting her family members as well." (pg 22)

- "THIS IS A COPY OF A WRITTEN STATEMENT FOR INCIDENT 17TUM-181-OF PROVIDED BY W , [illegible] ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29th, 2017"
  - **This letter further demonstrates how they've gone to great lengths to alter minor details of this narrative to make the aggravated retaliations I made during break right after we broke up seem like I was making unsolicited contact for the purpose of harassing her**
    - "I told him that if he continued to contact me, I would no longer meet with him. He responded threatening to release nude pictures of me online unless I monetarily compensated him ($800 for various things he spent on me during our relationship), and said if I took my time responding he would make sure I would regret it."
    - "He also said that the only thing he wanted to do more than end his own life was to end my life or that of my mother's."
    - "Then, this past Monday, my aunt received a mean and emotionally distressing Facebook message from him, so my mom called his parents and he sent an email to my mom and cc'd me, saying the only reason he did it was to make me feel even a fraction of the pain I caused him, and said that "For every time it was so weak she has to contact my parents because she cannot bear to speak with me after what she's done, I promise I will do my best to ensure being weak like this for her own sake cause her to fell so much more pain than if she'd show my any respect..." He then sent a follow-up email saying I had to call him within two hours and stated: "As always, I'm asking nicely first because the alternative is worse for everyone."
      - **Here they have quite clearly altered timeline of when I sent these messages in order to make it seem as though I was not just trying to ensure my own privacy at this point, but rather, was trying to do something to affect them. This helps them justify having made the initial contact with my family after a period of none.**

- **Page 22 – Affirms the assertions I've made about the narrative provided being a false one, as I was not anticipating being in this situation and having to verify that what I'm saying is true when I wrote it, yet the same facts and information are expressed here.**

[illegible]

Closing Statement:

While these emails are quite disturbing and unbelievable to look at now a few months later, and I've obviously come to very deeply regret having written them for this reason, but also for the various, incredibly harsh ramifications I've suffered for having sent them, such as spending a night in jail and having the police visit my dorm room on 3-4 occasions during the spring term, I can assure you that if you were familiar with all of the people and circumstances relevant to this case, the nature of what's going on here would be very obvious to you.

~~My lawyer, who's intimately familiar with all of the information regarding this case, will~~ ~~answer any questions you might have for him.~~

• [illegible]

• [illegible]